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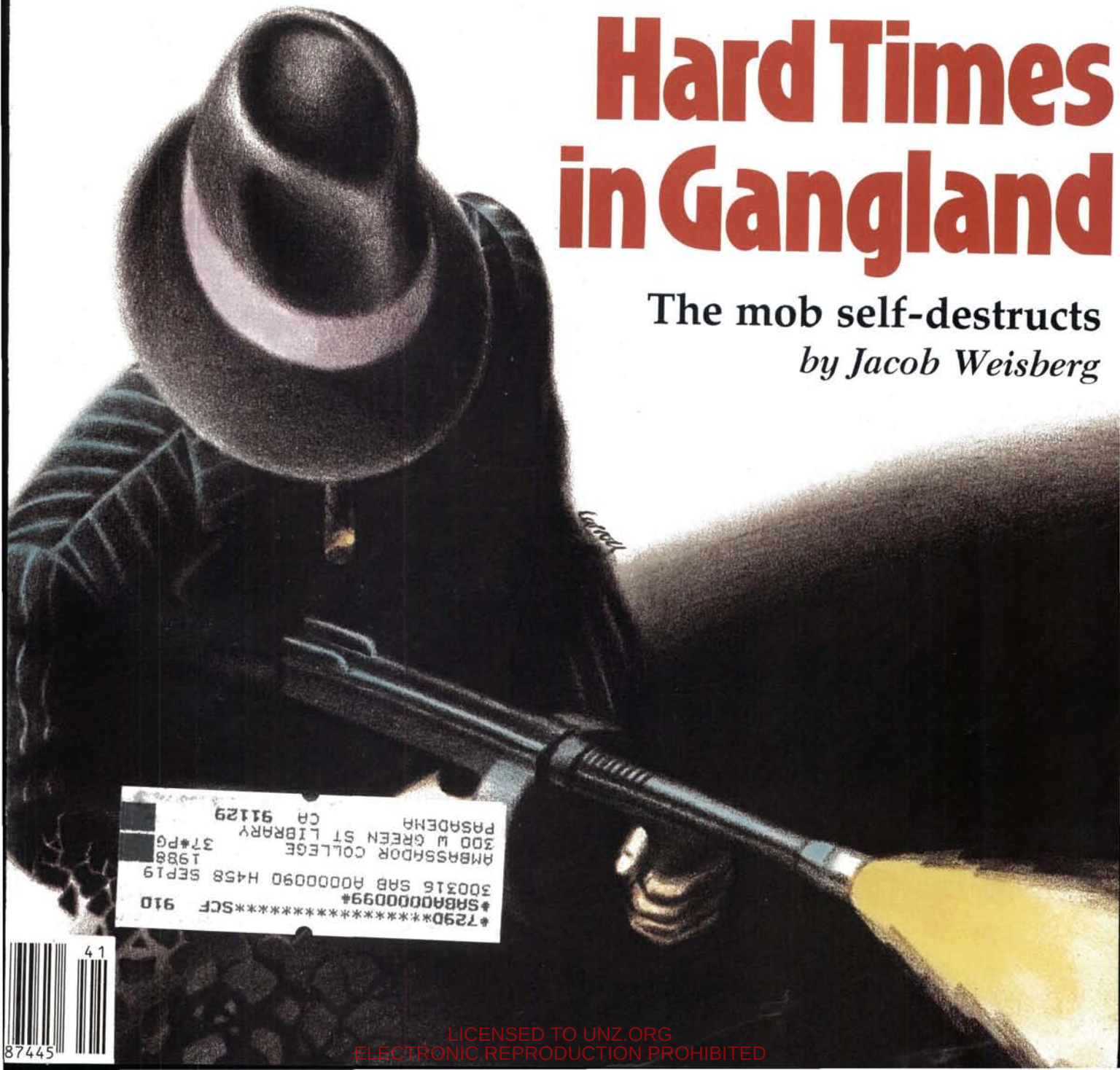
Robert Bazell: How America Lost In Space

MARK HOSENBALL ON WHO'S LEAKING WHAT • EUGENE GENOVESE ON SLAVERY'S LEGACY

YOU TOO CAN BE IN WHO'S WHO!

THE NEW REPUBLIC

SEP 29 198



Hard Times in Gangland

The mob self-destructs

by Jacob Weisberg

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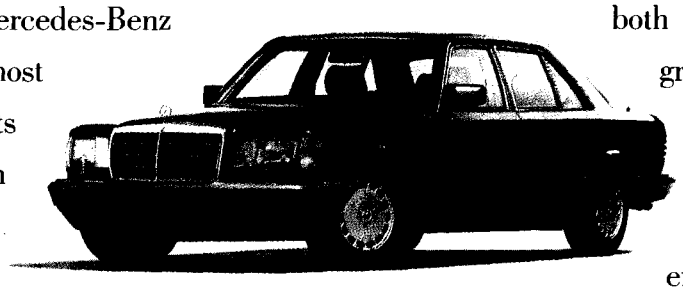

The 540K, for example, thundered into legend on the power of a supercharged eight-cylinder engine and the flamboyance of low-slung roadster coachwork. Half a century of technological progress later, the S-Class seems to glide rather than thunder over the road; in the case of the flagship 560SEL Sedan on the roads of its native Europe, two tons of S-Class authority, capable of gliding along at 142 mph all day.

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FROM WASHINGTON

THE TYRANNY OF BEAUTY

So this gorilla shows up at the personnel office and asks for a job. The personnel director says, "Are you kidding? We can't hire you. You look like a gorilla." To which the gorilla replies, "Watch out, buddy, I'm gonna sue you for employment discrimination under the Rehabilitation Act of 1973."

OK, so it's not much of a punch line. What do you expect? I got it from the *Harvard Law Review*, America's most prestigious legal journal, which recently published an essay arguing that it should be illegal to discriminate on the basis of physical attractiveness. In fact, says the author, "facial discrimination," as he calls it, may already be illegal under laws forbidding discrimination against the handicapped. "It . . . seems an arbitrary distinction to say that an employer cannot refuse to hire a person who has a disfiguring scar on his chin, for example, but can refuse to hire someone whose chin is jutting or unusually shaped."

By tradition, these law review notes are unsigned. But with no particular exertion, I tracked down the author. As a naysayer in the current debate over Robert Bork, I hesitate to say where. Yes, it was in the chambers of Judge Abner Mikva, Bork's most liberal colleague on the influential D.C. Circuit Court of Appeals, where this recent *Harvard Law Review* editor in chief now serves as a clerk. Thus the worst fears of Bork's supporters are confirmed: even as they labor to dam the flood of "rights" pouring out of the courts, liberals are busy drilling new holes in the dike. Jutting-chin liberation? As Bork can testify, young Adam Cohen may come to regret this display of youthful intellectual exuberance if he should find himself up before the Senate Judiciary Committee in his sober middle years.

But he swears he's serious. And why not? The logic is impeccable. Appearance, like race and sex and physical handicap, is an immutable characteristic. Like these other disadvantages, an unattractive appearance usually has no connection to your ability to do the job. Therefore, discrimination on this basis is just as unfair and should be outlawed. Conservative opponents of the general trend in civil rights would have no trouble agreeing that this is, indeed, the logical extension of that trend. That, they would say, is a comment on the trend.

Even these conservatives, though, would have to concede that beauty is a great advantage in the world. In good law review style, Cohen cites an array of studies proving the obvious: people automatically assign favorable nonphysical characteristics to other people who are good-looking; strangers are more likely to do favors for physically attractive people; ugly people get higher sentences in criminal cases and lower damage awards in civil lawsuits.

Of course many rise above the handicap of appearance to become distinguished professors at Harvard Law School and other successes in life. It is my experience, for example, that when you see a famous person in the flesh, he or she is almost invariably shorter than you expect. (A friend of mine adds a corollary that famous people are almost invariably tanned, but that's neither here nor there.) This pattern is partly explained by the exaggerated stature that famous people take on in your mind, but there must also be some kind of Napoleonic impulse that drives short people to succeed.

Nevertheless, no one would choose to be short and ugly over tall and handsome. We are all traumatized to varying degrees about our appearance. Facial discrimination is far more overt and shameless than racial discrimination: our culture doesn't even attempt to hide its preference for certain arrangements of facial and bodily parts over others. In our personal lives, few of us even pay lip service to the ideal of indifference to physical beauty—if, indeed, there is such an ideal.

Life will never deal an equal hand to the physically unattractive (or the "aesthetically challenged," as one tart conservative predicts the approved term will inevitably become). But is that any reason that they shouldn't at least be protected against discrimination in employment, housing, and college admissions?

Conservatives would argue (as some do in the case of blacks and women) that the market will punish any employer who is stupid enough to discriminate against a better-qualified applicant on the basis of an irrelevant criterion such as looks. In many cases, looks may not be irrelevant at all. Cohen is prepared to make a few narrow exceptions for jobs like acting. But he takes a hard line against exceptions for salespeople, stewardesses, and so on. If looks are an advantage in these fields (which of course they are), it is only because of prejudice in society as a whole, if not in the particular employer. We don't permit employers to pander to the racism of their customers. Why should we permit pandering to what might be called "looksism"?

No, the justice of the cause is beyond doubt. The question is whether we can afford to expand the awesome machinery of civil rights litigation into this vast new area. Of course there is a natural restraint operating here, which Adam Cohen unintentionally reveals as he describes how an ugly-rights lawsuit might work: "[A]n applicant will be able to point to some 'objective' aspect of his appearance—such as obesity, shortness, an unusual-looking nose, or protruding ears [or] an applicant may . . . be able to demonstrate that in some general way, given the totality of his appearance, he is considered unattractive." Cohen also suggests the use of expert witnesses. But it will be an exceptionally greedy or bitter person who would wish to pay an expert on beauty to describe in a public courtroom how ugly he is.

Yet conservatives have a point when they ask where it will all end. Cohen suggests that job interviews be conducted over the telephone, to avoid looks bias. But doesn't this leave open the possibility of prejudice on the basis of a whiny voice? Or, he says, job applicants could be interviewed behind a screen—a system already used for symphony orchestra auditions—so that an unpleasant face doesn't obscure an applicant's "pleasant personality." But parents of newborns will tell you that personality is also largely innate and immutable. What about "grouch liberation"?

Well, the one citadel of prejudice we may be sure is free from storming by the battalions of Harvard Law School is our society's overwhelming bias in favor of smart people. They may be short, fat, and ugly up there, with protruding ears, unusual noses, jutting chins, and dyspeptic personalities. But they're not dumb.

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CORRESPONDENCE

BURNING BRILLIANCE

To the editors:
"The Case for Book Burning" (September 14 & 21) raised serious issues about improving college teaching but did not discuss them seriously. It is no accident that too many colleges and universities want to become research universities. Good research produces national reputations and attracts better faculty and students and more funds. Average and bad research brings in money too, while good teaching is virtually unnoticed off campus. One result is that professors who would rather devote time to teaching must publish, although there are also those who would rather devote more time to research but must teach to earn a living.

Obviously, much is wrong with the present arrangement. The real problem is that too few researchers (or awarders of tenure and funders of research) care whether the research is eventually made accessible to the general reader. TNR doesn't either, or else you could have applied your publishing expertise to suggest how it might be done. Instead, you criticize a technical sociological journal for publishing technical articles.

Your proposals to improve teaching by cutting down on academic publishing at times come close to censorship. Most of us already teach four courses a year (and often more), and few have time to write more than one or two books every ten years. True, scholarly publishing includes acknowledgments and footnotes, in part to signify that scholarship is a group enterprise. TNR does the same thing with long mastheads. Are you ready to limit these to "six names or less"?

HERBERT J. GANS
New York, New York

To the editors:
TNR makes a strong case against the mindless quantification of scholarship by academics who equate professionalism with publication, but specifies no agent of change. TNR cannot look to the academy to correct its own abuses of power and prestige. Those who propose reforms for society are the last to see the need of reforming themselves. TNR makes no mention of the fact that the shirking of teaching obligations and the competitive emulation of publishing has taken place in the last two decades at the very time "the tenured left" has established its own hegemony. That the academic intelligentsia would replace the capitalistic class as the new exploiters has been a possibility ever since society surrendered to the means of certification and the cult of the index citation. George Sorel said it all in 1908: "Can you imagine anything more horrible than government by professors!"

JOHN P. DIGGINS
Bologna, Italy

To the editors:
TNR asserts that "the scholarly vocation has lost its core purpose in a fragmented overprofessionalism." Intellectual fragmentation is a problem, and its fundamental source is the proliferation of knowledge. There are more facts to deal with, and there is a much greater *diversity* in those facts and their theories. Limiting publishing opportunities will not diminish this troublesome diversity.

The best thinkers often contribute to two or three different disciplines. Herbert Simon has contributed to both economics and cognitive psychology; Francis Crick to both molecular biology and the neurosciences. We should encourage this kind of diversity in academics, requiring that professors teach in at least two distinctly different academic areas. Of course few of us are as brilliant as Simon or Crick. But it is not brilliance that causes this diversity; curiosity does. An intellectual community in which this breadth is the norm, not the exception, will be better able to make connections between the specialties. The research will be more cogent, and may even threaten us with genuine understanding.

WILLIAM BENZON
Troy, New York

To the editor:
"The Case for Book Burning" might have pointed out that neither Socrates nor Isaac Newton would be given tenure at any modern American university. Socrates never published a line, while Newton did not complete the *Principia* until he was 45.

JOHN E. MORBY
Hayward, California

EXIT SOUTH AFRICA

To the editors:
In "Sullivan's Principles" (September 7), Lars Waldorf recites a litany of arguments against disinvestment from South Africa and misses a fundamental point. South Africa is not ours to colonize, and we have been asked to leave. Multinational corporations were welcomed by a white government representing a minority of South Africans. The groups in the forefront of the struggle for political change—the African National Congress, the Congress of South African Trade Unions, the United Democratic Front—have endorsed economic sanctions. They know best what their overall strategy is and how economic pressure fits in. What's more, they represent some of the people who will suffer most from the repercussions of disinvestment. We have no business deciding what's best for them.

That some companies are exiting South Africa in a manner that leaves their employees in the lurch is not an argument for staying. If black workers lack the financing to buy out the company, offer them the same loan-purchase deals that are made available to white investors. The workers lack managerial skill? Offer to leave a management-training program in place. Reducing America's vested interests in the existing system is the first step toward genuinely "constructive" aid—moral and financial support for the struggle to end apartheid.

LINDA MARTIN
New York, New York

MATING CALLS

To the editors:
Your Washington Diarist ("Not Everybody Does It," August 31) asserts that George Michael's song and video "I Want Your Sex" advocates monogamous marriage. A. S. dutifully cites textual evidence, but a closer examination of the lyrics illustrates that he is specifically not advocating marriage: "I swear I won't tease you, won't tell you no lies. You don't need no Bible, just look in my eyes. I've waited so long, baby, now that we're friends. A man's got his patience, and here's where mine ends. I want your sex. . . ." The proof in the pudding is that the gorgeous Oriental woman who appears in the video with Michael happens to be his girlfriend, and it doesn't take too much imagination to guess what they want from each other.

KURT M. HEYMAN
Northbrook, Illinois
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THE NEW REPUBLIC
OCTOBER 12, 1987

BOMBS AWAY

There's nothing like an arms agreement. A week after the INF deal between Secretary of State George Shultz and Soviet foreign minister Eduard Shevardnadze, the euphoria still hasn't subsided. Even with the hype, the milestones for disarmament bear repeating. The agreement would destroy existing nuclear weapons, rather than merely limit their development. It would tackle disarmament by focusing on a class of weapons, rather than their numbers. And it would be the first major disarmament in modern history not imposed by military victory or by a third power. It also enshrines a couple of significant Soviet concessions: Gorbachev loses far more missiles than the United States and has accepted the principle of missile reduction from unequal levels to parity. And the whole deal makes further progress more likely on strategic weapons and on the broader issues of U.S.-Soviet conflict in Central America, the Middle East, and Southeast Asia.

In this context, worries may seem out of place. They aren't. The INF deal, at best, makes the world only marginally safer. Only three percent to five percent of the world's nuclear arsenal is affected, and the real bargaining—on strategic weapons and SDI—is yet to come. The summit merry-go-round, begun by a president intent on going down in history in a mere 17 months, will inevitably put more pressure on the leader of a democracy than the ruler of an empire. And the Soviet intermediate-range nuclear threat to Europe remains: the soon-to-be-deployed—and mobile—SS-24s have a range beginning at 3,000 miles, within easy reach of Bonn, London, and Rome. (The comparable SS-25s are already in place.) Neither group is included in the INF deal because they're officially classified as intercontinental, but they are just as potent a threat as anything the West has now bargained away.

Above all, the INF deal does nothing to settle the defense of Western Europe. It returns NATO to the pre-SS-20 position of Soviet conventional superiority, and reliance upon an American willingness to sacrifice its heartland for the territory of Western Europe. This is better than 1978, when the SS-20s added a sharp nuclear edge, but hardly adequate for Europe's defense, or for the stability of the alliance. (It's also worse than the option that could have reduced armaments *and* retained flexible response: 100 missiles on either side.) Moreover, it legitimizes a balance of forces in Europe in which the Soviets enjoy a vast conventional superiority as well as the considerable strategic advantage of being on Europe's doorstep. (If anything, the Soviets' natural strategic strength means the West should have a *superiority* in intermediate-range weapons.) But even this balance could get weaker: the INF fallout will expose the British and French independent deterrents as the only significant European nuclear forces and intensify calls in both countries for this "anomaly" to be corrected. In a Europe free of superpower missiles, how many Europeans are itching to stand up and defend the nuclear capabilities of Britain and France? In other words, the INF momentum could further denuclearize Europe and entrench even more the Soviet strategic dominance of the soft democracies of the West.

The natural response to this: conventional European rearmament isn't likely. No European leader has much chance of increasing defense spending in a period of détente, and Thatcher's INF volte-face and Kohl's Pershing Ia retreat (after thumping electoral victories for both) show the extreme fragility of the European defense coalition anyway. No wonder the French have their doubts.

So, to make sure INF enhances rather than weakens Western security, two commitments have to be made. First, the U.S. should make it clear that the deal is simply a return to classic, extended deterrence and is not the first stage of a withdrawal from the continent. The latter is exactly what European neutralists are now claiming, and what the isolationists on the American right and left have been urging for years. They should be proved wrong by following INF with imaginative initiatives to beef up Europe's conventional defense. This means maintaining support for the American military presence and nuclear guarantee, and strongly backing the British and French nuclear forces.

But it also means doing a Gorbachev in the area where the Soviets have most to lose: conventional arms. In the coming strategic discussions, the United States should insist that cuts in NATO battlefield nuclear weapons in Europe be matched with heavy cuts in Warsaw Pact conventional strength, particularly tanks. The United States has a

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propaganda advantage here: a radical proposal for conventional disarmament that cuts deeply into the Soviet bloc would both focus European attention on the real Soviet threat, and put Gorbachev on the defensive. It would also play on Eastern European resentment of Soviet control of their armed forces. In addition, any Western European initiatives to rebuild their own defenses, specifically the recent Franco-German talks on military cooperation, should be backed. But they shouldn't be counted on. Historic agreements have a long record of relaxing the guard of Europeans. That's why the Soviets are planning several more of them in the months ahead.

NOTEBOOK

□ WHITE MAN'S BURDEN: Columbia University has announced a new program to pay off the student loans of minority-group Columbia undergraduates who go on to get Ph.D.'s. If they go to Columbia graduate school, three-quarters of their undergraduate loans will be taken care of. If they go elsewhere, only half will be covered. The average Columbia financial aid recipient graduates owing $10,000. Columbia says its goal is to help assure a future supply of minority-group scholars. Right now blacks and Hispanics are underrepresented among Ph.D. students and on university faculties, and economic pressure is said to be the reason. It's undeniably true that the financial burden of college loans makes it tougher to pass up more lucrative fields in favor of an academic career, and that minority students tend on average to be more financially straitened than whites. But that's only *on average*. Undoubtedly there are many poor whites for whom graduate school is an almost unthinkable financial hurdle, and at least a few blacks eligible for this program who are less needy. If economic need is the rationale for this program, why shouldn't eligibility be on that basis, rather than race? Minorities would still benefit disproportionately, since they are disproportionately needy. But on a racially tense campus in a racially tense society, why should a gratuitous stigma of race mar a worthy effort?

□ PHONY FEDERALISTS: The Reagan administration has announced that it opposes legislation to protect AIDS victims from discrimination on the grounds that this is a matter better left to the states. "We oppose discrimination," says spokesman Marlin Fitzwater, "but we do believe the states probably have pre-emptive responsibility in this area." What is the likelihood the administration would have such a delicate concern for federalism if it actually favored the policy in question? Answer: none at all. Federalism hasn't stopped the Reaganites from pushing national legislation on drugs and child abuse, among other fashionable topics.

□ SPEAKING OF FEDERALISM, the states are falling all over one another in the competition for the Energy Department's $6 billion atomic "supercollider." The most expensive research facility ever built will be worth thousands of jobs and a mountain of prestige. How to decide among the competitors? Here's a suggestion. The Energy Department still hasn't determined where to dispose of the nation's rapidly accumulating pile of atomic waste—a classic NIMBY ("not in my back yard") problem. Members of Congress are as energetic in opposing nuclear waste dumps in their states as they are in fighting for IMBYPP ("in my back yard, pretty-please") goodies such as the supercollider. The solution is obvious. The supercollider should go to whichever state is willing to take the most nuclear waste.

□ REVISED ESTIMATE:

Prisoner release could help set Mandela free

—*Financial Times*, September 7, page one

Prisoner exchange unlikely to entail release of Mandela

—same paper, same day, page three

(thanks to Pete Soaparu, Des Plaines, Illinois, and David Kupferschmid, Somerville, Massachusetts)

□ STRICT CONSTRUCTIONISM IS EASIER SAID THAN DONE:

BORK BACKS AWAY FROM HIS STANCES ON RIGHTS ISSUES

—*New York Times*, September 17

Nominee Boldly Holding to Criticized Legal Views

—*Los Angeles Times*, same day

Speaking in tongues.

TALKING HEAD

"Much ado about nothing." —Senator Joe Biden, September 17, responding to accusations that he lifts his speeches from other people.

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen, and thank you for your warm applause. Flying in here today, I couldn't help but notice the wonderful cornfields, and I found myself

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Would you apply?

Not likely. Not if you're a college graduate who could start in another field at what a teacher earns after 15 years on the job.

That's why America desperately needs teachers. One million teachers between now and 1990. By every measure, we're going to be several hundred thousand short.

Imagine if we were talking about a shortage of physicians and surgeons. A massive teacher shortage has just as serious consequences on our society. Who will be there to prepare future generations to enter all the professions if there aren't enough teachers to do the job?

Shortages already exist all across this country, because for years college students in droves have chosen not to become teachers. In 1967, 22% of all college freshmen planned on teaching. By 1985 only 6% of the students polled said they wanted to teach.

What keeps college students from wanting to be teachers?

First and foremost, pay.

Right now there are four million Americans certified to teach who aren't in the classroom. And one-quarter of all education graduates decided never to seek teaching jobs. Countless more considered education but decided not to make it their major.

America has lost a generation of teachers. To fill in the gaps, schools are using teachers out of the fields of expertise or uncertified teachers to make sure classrooms aren't empty. This severely hurts the education process and masks the severity of the teacher shortage.

In a recent gallup poll, commissioned by the NEA, 80% of the American people favor higher teacher salaries. Almost half of those surveyed—41%—said they are willing to pay higher taxes to see that teachers are paid properly.

Americans want it. America desperately needs it.

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thinking about why I should be your president. I guess it's because I'm different. Some men see things as they are and say, "Why?" I think about things that never were and say, "I don't see any particular reason why not."

I'll be honest with you. At first I didn't plan to run, so overwhelmed was I by the daunting task. But then—I had a dream. It was about five months ago, ladies and gentlemen, I had been sleeping pretty badly, when I was overcome by what I can only describe, raising my voice and looking meaningfully to stage left, as a dream.

I dreamt that this was a country free of injustice—because I've always felt that injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. I dreamt that this was a country in which no person, regardless of interest group, need ever again be afraid of going hungry—since, as my wife likes to say, the only thing we have to fear is fear itself. I dreamt that my children, whose great-grandparents knew someone who worked near a coal mine in northern Pennsylvania, would ask me, as I asked my father at the age of seven, not what their country could do for them, but what they could do vis-à-vis their country.

And when I awoke from this dream I turned to my wife, who is also my best friend, and I asked her if I was man enough to run for the presidency. And she said, "Sure you are, you big buffoon." That is how I come to stand before you on this podium, telling you the truth as I know it, the good, the bad, and the ugly. The time is now, for this generation has a rendezvous with destiny.

I wish I could say the same for my opponent. I assure you, I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. I need not remind you how much better off we all were four years ago before he took up his idea of conquering Gaul. He has set

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on Chart
1.	THE FUTURE AS HISTORY	5	5

Arms control. Since it's not a deal 'til it's a deal, what's all the White House ballyhoo about? It may have beneficial political side effects, but it greatly strengthens the Soviets' hand. There's a real mystery here: it's bad enough if Reagan is really dealing with an eye on History, but why is the press granting such motivations any policy legitimacy?

2.	FRONT AND CENTERED	1	7

Bork. Bork might have been better coached for his appearance before the committee. Not only was he ill-at-ease, he seemed unwilling to make his own case, contenting himself with mere assertions of moderation. Now he's been tagged as willing to say anything to be confirmed. Bork now looks like a political hostage; he'll get on the Court if the White House cuts a legislative deal with Senate Democrats.

3.	ECHO AND NARCISSUS	—	1

Biden. No wonder Biden so enjoyed hearing himself talk; he's a walking Greatest Hits album. Anyway, who said Biden had oratorical skill to begin with? What he's been borrowing is others' rhetoric (not their oratory), and getting nowhere with it. As for all this interest in "character," is it leading to something? Or is it going to remain an Evening News geek show?

4.	DELAY OF GAME	—	1

NFL. Are NFL players kidding? Fans will watch scab games because watching Sunday TV in the fall is culturally ingrained. If live crowds attend and TV unions don't interfere, the scabs can establish themselves. And what happens when cities with lousy union teams start winning with scab teams? Will fans scream for the return of overpaid losers? The players' best bet is shutting down the league with other unions' support, or settling.

5.	OIL AND WATER	*	12

Gulf. The Navy says it's caught Iran "red-handed," and has, at press time, captured one ship. So now what? Has Iran committed an act of war? Has the U.S.? If it is war, what, from the U.S. point of view, is it about? Surely not free passage in the Gulf; that benefits Iran. Can someone in the White House articulate this policy?

6.	THE REST OF HIM	—	1

New Reagan. The post-Iranamok Reagan might well play to History; in the merciless present, not only does the left hate him but the right is increasingly outraged. Second term events indicate, in the words of one conservative journal, "a total failure of political intelligence in the White House." What, in his second term, has Reagan stood for? For what has he used his "mandate"?

7.	NEW DIMENSIONS	—	1

Holograms. Holograms are not only credit card security devices; they may provide a new paradigm for understanding the universe. A great deal of material on the structure of memory has appeared in the last year. The evidence is that the brain is not a file cabinet, but an indivisible hologram. Now similar findings in physics are being popularized—perhaps the universe too is a hologram. A real paradigm shift may be in the offing.

8.	THE GLOBAL PILLAGE	*	5

Britainization. U.S. technology is paying the price for generations of cultural hubris; engineers here now characterize bias against foreign advances as self-destructive isolationism. While many foreign students study here and know the U.S., American engineering students *never* study abroad. The U.S. isn't tracking new thinking because so few Americans can read foreign journals, or have any understanding of other cultures.

9.	MANY HAPPY RETURNS	*	4

Constitution. Burger must be glad he left the Court to host this bicentennial. You're aware the anniversary came and went, aren't you? In fact, except for occasional controversy, observance seemed lifeless, perfunctory. Celebratory acts have been ceded passively to TV. Without commercial pageantry to stare at, such events go by without an emotional core.

10.	CLEFT NOTES	—	1

Michael Jackson. Michael Jackson's features and skin keep getting "whiter," while his newly cleft chin makes him look less like Diana Ross and a little more like Kirk Douglas. So what? So supposedly he's teaching his fans to despise Negritude. But Jackson's celebrity, like that of all male acts whose appeal is to pubescent girls (Mr. Spock, the early Beatles), is rooted in safe androgyny. Race is irrelevant.

*Item resurfaces in the Zeitgeist after at least one week's absence.

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his sights on the wrong target. As I've been saying at the end of each one of my addresses for weeks now, it is Carthage that must be destroyed! Speaking for myself, personally, I know this can be accomplished. But we shall have to fight on the beaches, the landing grounds, the fields, and the conventions. We shall fight in the streets and in the Iowa caucuses. Basically, what I'm saying is that we can never surrender.

My eight-year-old daughter described my opponent very well. "He's nothing but a walking shadow," she said, "a poor player who struts and frets his hour upon the stage. He's full of sound and fury that signifies nothing." Of course, she's my own flesh and blood, she's supposed to feel that way, bless her heart.

But enough about foreign policy. May I level with you a moment? Can we talk? What concerns me even more is the here and now, the bread and butter, the meat and potatoes, the real issues. My opponent avoids mentioning these subjects. I say, if you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen.

Naturally, I don't want to make any promises I couldn't keep. However, if elected you can rest assured I'll put beer or soda in each drinking fountain, a teacher's-style smoking lounge on every floor, and there'll be no more take-home exams or term papers. Also I'll bring our boys back from Vietnam.

Young people especially should look forward to my-my-my generation. My candidacy is an opportunity for them to come together, right now, over me. If they want to support me, let it be. Try to see things my way, only time will tell if I am right or I am wrong. We can work it out—we can because we must. I want to hold your hand.

So let us go then, you and I and all of America down the road less traveled by that could make all the difference. Good night. God bless you. And have a pleasant tomorrow.

ARI Z. POSNER

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY

SPACE SCUTTLE

AT THE Kennedy Space Center in Florida, the shuttle Discovery is undergoing preparations for a launch scheduled for next June, but few believe it will occur before 1989. After the next lift-off, shuttles will fly no more than four or five times a year for many years. The 98 astronauts at the Johnson Space Center in Houston are capable in arithmetic. They realize they may wait years to fly in space. Some may never get the chance. Other careers look increasingly attractive, and many astronauts are discreetly circulating résumés.

Most who work for NASA lack the options of the skilled and highly motivated astronauts. At Kennedy and Johnson as well as the six other NASA centers around the country one can find a bureaucratic army of thousands who report for work with little or nothing to do. Their future prospects will fade further if Senator William Proxmire succeeds, in his last term of office, in cutting out the money for the proposed space station. This summer NASA officials revealed their desperation to get the station when they illegally persuaded some of the companies that would get billions of dollars in contracts from the project to pressure key members of Proxmire's appropriations committee. NASA administrator James Fletcher apologized, but no one in the agency was disciplined.

Not long ago Proxmire fought a lonely battle against the space station. Now several of his colleagues are paying attention to the wildly growing cost estimates—from the $8 billion President Reagan mentioned in his 1984 State of the Union message to $32 billion, according to a recent report from the National Research Council. Many charge that the station is being built not for any sound scientific reason, but simply because it is large and expensive enough to keep NASA busy and its contractors profitable for many years. "The Space Station may not be good for science," says John Pike of the Federation of American Scientists, "but it is good for McDonnell Douglas."

Apart from the station there is now a widespread perception in Congress, in the aerospace industry, in the military, and even in NASA that no one has much idea what America plans to do in space. The reconsideration of our goals that many called for after the Challenger accident has yet to occur. Severe criticism of the space agency now comes even from those who once supported it. "The U.S. space program, most notably the NASA portion, is foundering under the worst management crisis" ever, wrote Donald Fink, editor of the trade magazine *Aviation Week and Space Technology*. Fletcher, he said, has failed to "lead NASA or surround himself with a vigorous upper-level management team that can."

The space agency itself should not get all the blame. The White House, Fink wrote, has provided "little guidance, direction, or support." And President Reagan isn't alone in his seeming lack of interest. None of the presidential candidates from either party has had much to say about space despite the obvious need for change.

CANCELLATION OF the space station, if Proxmire pulls it off, might be the best thing that could happen to the U.S. space program. It might rid NASA of the tradition of large manned space projects that are ends in themselves, that create huge, indestructible, bureaucratic empires, and that absorb vast amounts of money set aside for space science while providing little meaningful scientific data. At the same time a cancellation would force Congress and the administration to develop a coherent long-range policy.

NASA sold the shuttle to Congress with a set of false hopes—that it would be an inexpensive, reliable, and routine method of reaching orbit. We now know that the

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agency's blind pursuit of those goals contributed to the Challenger tragedy.

The promises accompanying the request for the space station appear even flimsier. In 1984 President Reagan said, "A space station will permit quantum leaps in our research in science, communications, and in metals and life-saving medicines that can be manufactured only in space." Testifying before Congress, Dr. James Van Allen of the University of Iowa said that the president's predictions "were so hyperbolic and so ill-founded as to leave an informed person gasping for breath. Indeed, they resembled science fiction much more closely than they did sound national policy."

When NASA first proposed the space station, manufacturing in space was the prime justification. But recently NASA has shifted its position, saying the station is for research into possible future uses. The reason for the change was that companies that NASA had hoped would invest have simply refused. No one, it seems, can think of anything they want to make in space. Louis Lanzerotti, a vice president of AT&T Bell Laboratories, told Congress that "the space environment offers no advantages for the manufacturing of electronic materials." Johnson & Johnson joined McDonnell Douglas in a series of experiments on the shuttle to try to purify drugs in zero gravity. But the pharmaceutical company dropped out in 1985 in what a company spokesman said "was purely an economic decision." McDonnell Douglas wanted to continue the project, but it has more to gain from the space station than purified growth hormone.

THE PROPOSED space station will fly in low Earth orbit, the same altitude the shuttle flies, the same altitude achieved by John Glenn in 1962. It will include compartments where six to eight people can live and work for months. But the shuttle can carry up to nine people, and with modifications it could remain in orbit for a month. In addition, astronauts demonstrated that from the shuttle they can release modules containing experiments or manufacturing equipment, then retrieve the modules and bring them back to Earth months or years later. So what are we buying with the space station that we don't have already? It is hard to get an answer.

One top NASA official told me it is true that we don't know what the space station will be for, but "it is the next logical step" toward our long-range goal, whether it be returning to the Moon or traveling on to Mars. But many outside NASA disagree, arguing that we should set the goals first. It may be we need a different station or no station at all.

One of the arguments offered frequently is that the Soviets have a space station. Their cosmonauts spend a lot of time orbiting the Earth, and our national security demands that we try to match their efforts. A closer examination reveals that the life of a cosmonaut in orbit appears to be one of the most boring forms of human existence. They return as national heroes, but they accomplish little beyond their longevity in orbit. The Soviet program does offer a lesson. While we have explored space with an on-and-off set of extravaganzas, they have plodded along, building slowly on existing technologies. Thus at times they appear to have accomplished more. But each of their efforts followed logically from the one before.

Let us not forget that the United States once had a space station. It was called Skylab, and three astronauts in it set the world's record for time in space at 84 days in 1973-74. (The current record is 237 days, set by the Soviets in 1984.) With proper planning, NASA could have launched rockets to boost Skylab to a higher orbit, and perhaps could have built on it as the Soviets have done with their stations. Instead it was abandoned to crash to Earth in the semi-comical misadventure of 1978.

For the next few years NASA's attention will focus on the shuttle. First the job will be to fly safely again. Then the shuttle will launch satellites, most of them military, a few scientific, trying to clear the backlog until unmanned launch vehicles are available again for that task. The shuttle could be booked for years, but now is the time to decide what to do after that.

It would be difficult to find an American politician or schoolchild who does not believe we should be sending people into space. But space exploration is far too important to our national identity and purpose to be carried out in a haphazard way. It is time to figure out exactly what we want to do and the best way to do it. The "Sally Ride report," many believe, offers a beginning for national policy. Prepared by a panel headed by the former astronaut, the report urged that NASA not "rush headlong" toward a single goal such as a landing on Mars. Rather it suggested that NASA carry out several projects simultaneously, studies of the Earth and other parts of the solar system, with a combination of manned and unmanned missions and long-term goals of colonizing the Moon and landing on Mars. We may debate the specifics, but it is clear that without a coherent policy and strong leadership, we may continue to build expensive hardware only to abandon it, as we did Skylab.

ROBERT BAZELL

Robert Bazell is the science correspondent for NBC News.

A 'Who's Who' whodunit.

BIO-TECH

WITH THE POSSIBLE exceptions of the Sons of Peter Abelard, the Friends of Idi Amin, and the League of Scintillating Philadelphia Conversationalists, there is probably no fraternity smaller than People Who Aren't in *Who's Who*. Just about everyone I interview as a journalist is listed in *Who's Who*, as are most of the people

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I admire, virtually everyone I despise, and more than a handful of the people I foul in our Saturday afternoon pick-up basketball games at the YMCA. R. C. Webster is in *Who's Who* this year too, even though R. C. Webster doesn't exist.

A few years ago, when I started editing *American Business*, Ralph Ginzburg's offbeat business publication, R. C. Webster had been a fixture on the masthead for some time. Though he may have started out as somebody's nom de plume, by the time I got there he was turning up as managing editor, staff writer, and general office help—wherever we needed to fill a space on the masthead. Mostly "R. C. Webster" was a handy name people at the magazine used to get rid of persistent salesmen, dunners, or flacks. "Send it to R. C. Webster," our receptionist would say. "The only person who would know about that is R. C. Webster, and he's in Houston" was another familiar comment, as was "I'll have to ask Mr. Webster to get back to you on that one." In about 500 years.

In any case, R. C. Webster, like half the other people on the planet, eventually turned up on *Who's Who*'s mailing list, and was duly sent an application form inviting him to become a biographee. So was Joe Queenan. This in itself was a trifle unusual, given that *American Business* had always given inordinate editorial priority to stories about floating brothels, burial in outer space, computerized solar doghouses, and the investment value of haunted houses, carrying such headlines as: "COCKY BULL BREEDER HORNS IN ON SEED MONEY"; "NEVADA GAMBLES ON SLIME"; and "CAFETERIAS EAT IT RAW." But heck, these things happen. In any case, Joe Queenan sent in a reasonably legitimate application, though it is not true that he has published a book called *Only the Good Stay Dead*. Then Joe Queenan sent in a bogus application for Mr. Webster, just to see how rigorous the screening process is at *Who's Who*.

WEBSTER, ROLAND CHANSON, magazine editor; b. Arcis-sur-L'Abattoir, France, Sept. 1, 1939; s. Jean-Luc and Jeanne-Lucie (Simone) W.; m. Trish Abigail Boogen, Nov. 3, 1956; children—Skippy, Clay, Lance, Duane, Lothar, Cassette, Alice. B.A., Green Bay Coll., 1962; M.F.A., Houston Poly. Inst., 1964; Ph.D. (hon.), Quaker State U., 1978, U. Ron, France, 1982. Writer Our Bus. Monthly, Cleve., 1966-67; editor, writer Your Bus., Cleve., 1967-68; mng. editor, editor The Bus. of Bus., Chgo., 1969-73; mng. editor Latin-Am. Bus., N.Y.C., 1973-77, Am. Bus., N.Y.C., 1977—. Author: (textbook) Mars and Menials, 1978; (novel) Jake and Pete, 1968; Causes of World War II, 1964; Mr. Sleazy in Zion, 1966. Treas., Bur. People, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y., 1980-81. Assn. Men, Irvington, N.Y., 1981-82. Served as sgt. U.S. Army, 1956-58. Recipient Bronze Phoenix award Gray Found., 1982. Mem. Am. Assn. Mng. Editors (Golden Stylus award 1983), Am. Mng. Editors Assn., Westchester Assn. Editors, North Tarrytown Literacy Club. Christian Mng. Editor (treas. 1983-85), Better Club Assn. (sec. 1979-80), Tarrytown Dog Club (pres. 1980), Westchester Dog Club (sec. 1978), North Bronx Dog Club, Christian Dog Club. Republican. Lutheran. Home: 33 Kendall Pl North Tarrytown NY 10591 Office: Am Bus Mag 1775 Broadway New York NY 10019

Not so rigorous. The people there didn't blink when they received a biography from a man who had supposedly been born on September 1, 1939, in Arcis-sur-L'Abattoir; whose wife's name is Trish Abigail Boogen; whose children include Cassette, Lothar, Skippy, and Boo-Boo; and who holds a Master of Fine Arts degree from F&M T&A University. They didn't think it odd that Mr. Webster should hold a bachelor's degree from Holy Indigents High School, doctorates from the University of Ron (Ron, France) and Quaker State University, and claim to be the author of such books as *Mars and Menials*, *Jake and Pete*, and *Mr. Sleazy in Zion*. They didn't find anything unusual about a man whose professional associations include being treasurer of the Association of Men, the Bureau of People, and the Christian Managing Editor Association; secretary of the Better Club Association; and who has served as an officer of the North Bronx Dog Club and the Christian Dog Club. They didn't find it all strange that Mr. Webster should list "managing editing" as one of his hobbies, or that his career should have included stints as editor of *American Business*, *Latin-American Business*, *The Business of Business*, *Your Business*, and *Our Business Monthly*. And they didn't ask what a "Low Lutheran" is. (If you must know, it's a sect of very short Protestants who have been given an ecclesiastical dispensation to preach that God the Father only stands four feet six inches, and that his son Christ couldn't have much more than an inch on him.) The *Who's Who* people took it all in and put it in their computer.

Did anyone from *Who's Who* ever contact Mr. Webster to check for authenticity? Yes, once he got a letter asking what year he'd gotten his master's degree. At this point, I changed F&M T&A to Houston Polytechnical Institute, to see if anyone was paying attention. Nobody was.

However, this was not the last time *Who's Who* contacted me or Mr. Webster. Actually, we got a steady stream of correspondence. A warning that the Deluxe Edition was going fast, so order soon. A galley proof warning that this was the last time we would be offered prepublication prices. A warning that this was our last chance to get a copy, period. An offer of a mahogany wall plaque. An urgent verification request. An invitation to be listed in *Who's Who in U.S. Writers, Editors & Poets*, followed by the same barrage of come-ons, though this time the wall plaque was made of sturdy, handsome walnut.

I did not respond to any of these overtures, and must say that the *Who's Who* people deserve credit for not cutting Mr. Webster or me out of the book simply because we failed to order a copy. In any case, the 1986-87 edition of *Who's Who* is on library bookshelves everywhere, and I'm listed, as is my non-existent sidekick, most of whose pertinent accomplishments appear in print. Actually, his entry is longer than mine; of course, his accomplishments are considerably more noteworthy.

Mr. Webster's listing seems to suggest that the *Who's Who* people don't do a whole lot in the way of fact checking. This being the case, my advice is: If you get an invitation to submit your biography, embellish the hell out of it. Next year, God willing, I'm bailing out of this outfit and moving over to the editorship of *Time*. I'm going to say I not only graduated from Yale, but founded it. I'm going to give myself eight Golden Gloves, two Wimbledon championships, and the NBA slam-dunk title. And when they ask for employment history, I'm going to list my previous jobs as Secretary of Defense, Senate Majority Leader, Director of the KGB, Assistant Pope, president of the Fraternal Order of Iranian Moderates, and ex-

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husband of Wallis Simpson. It'll all look good on my résumé.

JOE QUEENAN

Joe Queenan is a free-lance writer based in Tarrytown, New York.

The GOP front-runner trips up.

AMBUSHED

Mackinac Island, Michigan

Vice President George Bush is a sore loser. His campaign was defeated in a skirmish in Michigan on September 15, and five days later his agents handed out "George and Barbara" chocolate bars laced with a poisonous attack on Pat Robertson, the TV evangelist who is challenging Bush for the GOP presidential nomination. The candy, with unsigned screed zinging Robertson attached, was distributed at a Republican conference at the ritzy Grand Hotel here. The meeting was supposed to spur party unity. Instead it generated hatred. A leading Bush supporter, GOP national committeeman Peter Secchia, says the time for cordiality among the presidential campaigns has passed. "I'm a peaceful man, but if there's a war, you have to kill," he said. "We have to kill."

It may be too late for Bush to kill anyone in Michigan, which elects the first batch of Republican convention delegates next January 30, ten days before the Iowa caucuses. Here's a quick update on the Bush demise. In August 1986, when the complicated delegate competition in Michigan began, Bush thought he'd won. Three separate polls showed he'd captured nearly half the 9,000 precinct delegates, putting him far ahead of Robertson and Representative Jack Kemp, his only rivals in Michigan. The polls were wrong. At county conventions last November and then at the state convention in February, Robertson and Kemp joined forces and took charge. They seized control of the state central committee. On September 15 the committee voted to bar 1,200 nominees for state and local office—most of them presumed to be Bush backers—from being precinct delegates next January, when Michigan's 77 delegates to the national convention are chosen. Should this vote stand, Bush is probably doomed in Michigan. "If we do our job, we can keep Bush in single digits," said Dick Minard, Kemp's Michigan coordinator.

How much this would undermine Bush in Iowa and other states is anybody's guess, but it wouldn't help. Senator Robert Dole, who isn't competing in Michigan but is Bush's chief rival in Iowa, is drooling in anticipation of an early Bush embarrassment. "Stay strong on me," he told a Robertson operative after addressing Republicans on Mackinac Island. "We've got a job to do here—get Bush." At a press conference, Dole said staying out of Michigan was "one of the soundest judgments we ever made." He said he "never understood" the Michigan system, in which 54 delegates will be chosen at 18 congressional district conventions and 23 by the state convention, all on January 30. "Apparently some of the others didn't either."

Bush figured he had a lock on Michigan, one of the few states where Republican moderates remain active. In 1980 he trounced Ronald Reagan 2-to-1 in the state's primary, and most of the state party leaders are backing him for the 1988 nomination. Besides, his money and organizational strength were supposed to give an edge in sparsely attended caucuses. Bush was lulled into a false sense of security after the first round in August 1986. The best news for him, next to having won that round, was that Kemp finished a distant third. The Bush forces regarded Kemp as a serious threat. The fact that Robertson came in second didn't mean much to them. They didn't take Robertson seriously.

They should have. "Bush's support is much wider and deeper than Robertson's, but it's not as committed," says Secchia, with benefit of hindsight. Many Bush supporters skipped the county conventions in November 1986, while Robertson backers turned out in full force. "They could hold conventions in the Yukon and the Robertson people would show up," says John Long, Bush's Michigan campaign manager. The result: Robertson gained. This was repeated at the state convention in Lansing last February. Robertson's operatives discovered they had a narrow majority at the convention, and by forging an alliance with Kemp, it would become a commanding majority. David Walters, Robertson's Michigan coordinator, had been pressing for months for a Kemp-Robertson deal. At first, Kemp operatives were stand-offish. "They told me, 'We really have more delegates than you do,' " Walters says. By the state convention, they knew this wasn't true. So the Kemp-Robertson alliance was tentatively forged. In April it became official when the Kemp campaign sent Minard, a former Robertson adviser, to Michigan.

The Kemp strategy is the same as Dole's: get Bush. Throwing in with Robertson makes this easier. But Kemp also has a second aim: inheriting Robertson's delegates once the preacher drops out of the race. Kemp thinks he is the tail wagging the Robertson dog in Michigan. "I don't care what the Kemp people say," says Walters, chuckling. He insists Robertson will get a majority of the delegates in Michigan, which hardly makes Robertson a subsidiary of Kemp. Still, says Walters, the alliance benefited Kemp enormously. "The big winner in that vote [barring the 1,200 nominees] was Kemp. Now he may come in second. It would be difficult for him to do that otherwise."

What drives the Bush camp batty is the thought that Robertson has thousands of Christian robots under his command who will show up regularly at Republican events. Walters, a graduate of Oral Roberts University and former student at Robertson's CBN University, encourages this idea. He says turning out Christian evangelicals is a snap. "All we have to do is go in and organize them. . . . They have a wide-eyed innocence about them. They're not

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in it for the spoils. They're in it for God and government." Secchia says Robertson supporters have nothing better to do than attend GOP meetings. Except on Wednesdays, which is church night. This is why the state central committee no longer meets on Wednesdays, he says. Bush supporters have more obligations and distractions, according to Secchia, and thus are less likely to attend every GOP gathering. "They're people who have kids playing high school basketball," he says.

Robertson ruled with a light hand at the state convention last February, taking over the central committee but allowing Spencer Abraham to remain as Republican chairman. Now he's playing hardball in pursuit of all the party machinery, including a chairman to call his own. Secchia, Robertson said at the Mackinac conference, is "the campaign manager of the other candidate. His candidate lost. He's out." Of course, Bush hasn't lost yet. The main event isn't until January. And Secchia won't quietly quit. "Maybe Robertson can pray and move hurricanes, but he's going to have to do a lot of praying to move this one," he said.

THE BOLDEST move by Robertson was blocking the 1,200 GOP nominees from being delegates. The Bush campaign fought this furiously. They tried to get a strong letter of support from Richard Headlee, a prominent Republican who was in Utah awaiting a heart transplant. His letter was lukewarm. Pleas for a pro-Bush vote were sent to central committee members by Max Fisher, a wealthy party leader. "He wouldn't give me the time of day before," said Jean Fox, a pro-Kemp member of the committee. On September 11 Governor John Sununu of New Hampshire approached Fox at a Republican picnic in a Detroit suburb. Sununu is Bush's New England chairman. "Why, Jean Fox, I've been wanting to meet you," he said. "I understand you're going to vote correctly." She didn't. Eight Kemp supporters defected, but the vote barring the 1,200 carried by 60-41 anyway.

Now the Bush campaign promises a lawsuit, arguing that the 1,200 have been disfranchised. Party officials, including Abraham, had told nominees that they would be automatic precinct delegates, the Bush camp contends. Marc Nuttle, Robertson's national strategist, counters that Republican rules prohibit automatic delegates in presidential election years. John Engler, the GOP leader in the state Senate, got a legal opinion from the state attorney general's office. It concluded the 1,200 should be seated as delegates. But even that opinion said state laws on the subject conflict and that courts have never resolved the conflict. If the lawsuit fails, the Bush campaign vows to take the issue before the national convention in New Orleans next July.

One Bush backer, state Senator Dan Cruce, tried direct intervention with Robertson at the Mackinac meeting. Cruce has a reputation for this sort of thing. He once hid in the bushes, spied a political opponent uprooting a Cruce yard sign, raced after the fellow, and made an open-field tackle. This time he merely stood in Robertson's path as he was leaving a press conference. Cruce urged Robertson to let nominees, like Cruce himself, be precinct delegates. Nuttle, hurrying Robertson away from an awkward situation, put his hand on Cruce's arm. Cruce flared, and they almost came to blows. If nothing else, Cruce begged, would Robertson please address the issue in his speech to the conference? Robertson seemed willing. But that night he spoke for 30 minutes and didn't once mention the 1,200 delegates.

FRED BARNES

The 1988 sleeper issue.

MAKE 'EM PAY

IF HENRY KISSINGER, Zbigniew Brzezinski, George Bush, Bob Dole, Irving Kristol, Sam Nunn, Les Aspin, Richard Gephardt, Pat Schroeder, a nearly unanimous U.S. House of Representatives, and Donald Trump all are in favor of something, surely this is an idea whose time has come. The idea is that it's time for America's allies in Europe and Japan to shoulder more of the burden for their own defense. It's not a new idea, but there is considerable evidence that it could emerge as an important theme of the 1988 presidential campaign. And, even though burden-sharing has been national policy for at least a decade, it could get added impetus when the new president takes office in 1989. It could make our alliances stronger for the new-style competition with Mikhail Gorbachev that lies ahead. Then again, it could wreck them.

The advocates of increased burden-sharing are coming at it from wildly different points of view. Real estate tycoon Donald J. Trump, following a channel previously dug by former Treasury Secretary John Connally and Chrysler chairman Lee Iacocca, seems to be seeking political prominence by tapping into deep-seated resentment against the allies, especially Japan. In a full-page ad in the *New York Times* addressed "To The American People," Trump declared that "over the years, the Japanese, unimpeded by the huge costs of defending themselves (as long as the United States will do it for free), have built a strong and vibrant economy with unprecedented surpluses. . . . It's time for us to end *our* vast deficits by making Japan, and others who can afford it, pay. . . . Let's help our farmers, our sick, our homeless by taking from some of the greatest profit machines ever created—machines created and nurtured by us."

As the builder of superluxury high rises and casinos, Trump's true concern for the homeless may be limited. He said in an interview that it was seeing Japanese buyers pay $100 million for New York apartment buildings that convinced him the United States was being "stupid" to pay for Japan's defense. He is not sure whether he wants the allies to pay us for defending them or have them defend themselves without us. Polls do not indicate that his sentiments are shared by a large segment of the population. Still,

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Trump says he has gotten "thousands and thousands of letters" in response to his ad, and none of them has been negative.

Beyond resentment and self-promotion, calls for greater burden-sharing seem to have various motives: genuine concern about U.S. economic realities; a political need on the part of Democrats to appear nationalist while cutting defense spending; devotion (in the case of Kissinger, Brzezinski, and Kristol) to a new geopolitical order of things; or pique at failure of the allies to back up the United States in the Persian Gulf, Libya, and elsewhere.

In June, for example, Senate Republican leader Bob Dole declared, "Let's be frank. The American people already wonder about the appearance of American ships and sailors going it alone in the Gulf. They understand we have to be there, that we have interests there. But they rightly ask: What about our allies? They have interests, too. Why aren't they there, standing beside us? Why aren't they sharing the burden, sharing the risks?"

Such remarks were part of the pressure campaign that ultimately has led Britain, France, Italy, the Netherlands, and Belgium to send warships to the Gulf. Japan, which gets 60 percent of its oil from the Mideast, has said its constitution does not bar sending ships, but domestic politics does. Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone has indicated that Japan might provide some funding for Gulf protection. U.S. officials say the added annual cost of U.S. operations there is $200 million, and that a $100 million offer from the Japanese "would be good public relations—and cheap."

TWO DEMOCRATIC candidates who have taken the lead on burden-sharing are Pat Schroeder and Richard Gephardt. Schroeder is the author of a bill that would slap a tariff on a nation's exports to the United States equal to the difference between that country's defense spending as a share of gross national product and our own. The United States spends six-plus percent and Japan, one percent, so there would be a five percent tariff on Japanese goods. West Germany, which spends three percent of GNP on defense, would pay a three percent tariff. Britain would pay one percent and France, two percent.

Schroeder aides acknowledge that the bill is "a two-by-four" designed to attract attention and stimulate debate, not to be national policy. A tariff would hurt American consumers as much as allied exporters. In a speech in New York on September 17, though, she said that "the United States now spends approximately $175 billion in defending the security interests of our European and Asian allies. It seems absolutely preposterous that we should be underwriting the national security costs of our economic competitors, at a time when we are borrowing billions of dollars a year from them, and losing our economic independence as a result. . . . We need to sit down with our allies and tell them that the free ride is over."

In a similar vein, Gephardt told the Veterans of Foreign Wars in August that "it is time for our major allies—particularly the West Europeans and the Japanese—to pay their fair share. Today we maintain a global defense financed with dollars borrowed from creditors who are the very countries being protected. In 1987 we actually owe the West Europeans and the Japanese money for defending them."

The Pentagon disputes the widely used $175 billion figure. That's more than 60 percent of the U.S. defense budget, which is devoted to protecting *American* security interests around the world, not merely defending allies. But administration analyses do confirm an imbalance of effort. NATO Europe averages 3.5 percent of GNP in defense spending and $340 per capita on European defense, compared with six percent and $400 for the United States. So even by DOD figures, Americans on average spend more defending Europe than Europeans do. Europeans rightly argue that their nations (except Britain and Luxumbourg) have a draft, which cuts their costs, and that they (especially the Germans) provide billions of dollars in real estate for military installations, not to mention providing the probable battlefield for World War III.

Japan, it seems clear, is free riding. It has increased its defense spending and is building a fleet capable of 1,000-mile operations around the home islands. It contributes $1.7 billion in support costs for housing and feeding U.S. servicemen based in Japan (out of a total cost to the United States of $3 billion). But at a time when it is running a trade surplus with the United States of $68 billion and spending only $25 billion a year on defense, there is room to do much more. Les Aspin and others point out that by spending so little of GNP on defense, Japan is able to devote its financial and engineering resources to developing products that will capture U.S. markets. Former Assistant Secretary of Defense Robert Komer is irate that now the Japanese even intend to build a jet fighter to compete with America's F-16.

WHAT'S TO be done? Practically everyone—including the Carter and Reagan administrations, and all the candidates of both parties—favors more spending by the European allies. By a voice vote recently, the U.S. House voted almost unanimously that Japan should spend three percent of GNP on defense. One dissenter was Representative Stephen Solarz, who, as the House's expert on East Asia, understands that its neighbors abhor the idea of Japan as a new superpower.

There is a widespread consensus behind an idea advanced by Sam Nunn and others that the Japanese should combine increased defense spending with much-increased overseas development spending. Japan now spends 0.3 percent of GNP on foreign aid, just above the U.S. figure. Nunn favors a four percent combined figure. Others urge that Japan mount a new "Marshall Plan" for the developing world, with special emphasis on the Philippines and Pakistan, which are vital to the security of the region. It also could work on the world's debt crisis and be in charge of worldwide famine, flood, and earthquake relief. In other words, there are plenty of ways Japan can spend money to enhance Western interests without remilitarizing, if that is truly the problem.

Some advocates of increased burden-sharing, such as Schroeder and Gephardt, intend to arouse a consensus in the United States that will enable them to pound the table

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and demand more from the allies. Aides to candidates such as Jack Kemp, Joe Biden, Michael Dukakis, and Bruce Babbitt say that yelling creates a danger of driving a wedge into the alliance—especially at a time when it is shaken by the administration's arms control moves, which seem to strip Europe of American nuclear protection. Kemp is close to opposing the administration's INF treaty because it does not affect Soviet conventional superiority in Europe. Bush, who advocates increased burden-sharing, is visiting Europe now to reassure the allies that America does not intend to decouple from the traditional alliance. It's not clear what he proposes to do about the conventional balance, however. Some experts advocate conventional arms control. Brzezinski has suggested that the United States propose to the Soviets making Central Europe a tank-free zone. Babbitt proposes a new two-track proposal like the old INF one: if the Soviets will not reduce their conventional forces, the allies would significantly increase theirs.

THERE IS A difference in kind between those who urge or demand greater effort on the part of the allies and those who seriously contemplate pulling U.S. troops out of Europe, Japan, or Korea—either to force increased effort or because they actually want the allies to go it more alone. Sam Nunn sponsored a troop-pullback proposal, which he put on the shelf when the allies pledged to spend more on defense. He emphasizes occasionally that it can be pulled off the shelf if their effort continues to flag. None of the candidates is calling for a pullout, but Brzezinski and Kissinger have called for partial redeployments to enable the United States to use their forces at will in locations such as the Middle East. In the 1973 Mideast war and the 1986 Libya bombing, allies refused permission to the United States to use bases on their territory for so-called "out of area" operations.

The most extreme position taken by a heavyweight American thinker is that of neoconservative intellectual Irving Kristol, who wants to make the Europeans and Japanese fundamentally responsible for their defense by removing the American nuclear umbrella—or, as he says, admitting that the United States would never actually risk its own survival to protect theirs. He favors a beefed-up British-French nuclear deterrent and a vastly improved conventional deterrent, paid for by the Europeans. He says it is inevitable that Japan, as an economic power, will become a regional military power too—a naval power, if not a nuclear power.

Kristol acknowledges that no 1988 candidate is likely to take up his proposals because they are too unorthodox. "It's hard to convince people that an institution like NATO that has worked for 40 years is archaic and in disarray. People think, It works, why change it. It has worked, but in a crisis, it won't." Kristol is right that the public does not want to change things at the moment. The most recent Chicago Council on Foreign Relations national poll shows that 62 percent of the public and 77 percent of opinion leaders believe the United States should maintain its present level of troop commitment to Europe. Pollster Lou Harris, in a survey for the Japanese newspaper *Asahi Shimbun* last year, found that only 20 percent of Americans believe Japan should increase its defense spending, and 50 percent think it should stay the same.

But there are new winds blowing. American isolationists of the right and left traditionally have wanted to reduce U.S. commitments. In Europe there is a right-left constituency developing for decoupling from the United States—the left because it favors denuclearization, neutrality, and détente with the East bloc, the right because it fears abandonment by the United States. The Reagan administration has unwittingly contributed to the movement by failing to consult the allies ahead of time about operations such as those in the Gulf, by raising questions (through SDI and the Reykjavik summit) about the desirability of nuclear deterrence, and by reaching agreements with the Soviets that seem to leave Europe less secure.

The burden-sharing movement could lead to a stronger set of alliances and a stronger U.S. economy—if conventional forces are built up on our side or the Soviets can be induced to reduce theirs, and if Japan can be induced to spend its surpluses on economic development. This will require sophisticated diplomacy on the part of the United States. Unjudicious ally-bashing, however, will only help Mikhail Gorbachev separate the United States from its friends.

MORTON M. KONDRACKE

A conservative case for affirmative action.

AFFIRMATIVE REACTION

EVERYONE CHOOSES sides when the issue is affirmative action. Liberals support these programs. Conservatives oppose them. Each side argues its case at every conceivable level: the moral, the practical, and the constitutional. To the liberal, affirmative action programs are necessary to redress effects of past discrimination. To the conservative, affirmative action programs represent an unprincipled departure from the general social norm embodied in the language of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, which in its own words prohibits discrimination "against *any* individual" on grounds of race, sex, or national origin.

For all their evident differences, however, liberal and conservatives do agree on one common premise: that the same ground rules should apply to both government and private employers. This position is consistent with the general liberal willingness to intervene in labor markets. But it is odd that conservatives, with their belief in limited government, are so willing to restrict the freedom of private employers to adopt voluntary affirmative action programs if they wish. Nonetheless, it is just this distinction between the public and the private realms, between state and private

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action, that allows a principled way to "split the difference" on affirmative action. This little essay has two goals: first, to explain why that public/private distinction remains important for both social and legal theory, and, second, to examine some of the difficulties of applying this distinction to voluntary affirmative action programs.

THE DISTINCTIVE feature of any government is that it enjoys a monopoly over the use of force within its jurisdiction. The creation of a single monopoly is regarded—and rightly regarded—as strictly necessary lest there be endless Hobbesian, no-holds-barred conflict between private individuals unable to agree upon a common course of conduct. Yet the great risk of government (revealed in recurring tragedies from Nazi Germany to Amin's Uganda) is that the sovereign will first disarm its citizenry and then subject some defenseless fraction of them to a reign of terror. There is no easy way to prevent the nightmare from occurring. Anyone who thinks that written constitutions alone can do the job, without social consensus and public support, need only look at the magnificent written constitutions that litter the dustbin of history. But planted in proper soil, a good constitutional structure can improve the odds by countering the evils of a legally protected state monopoly. It can diffuse sovereign power among separate branches of government, and, most critically for our purposes, it can limit the scope of discretion available to all public officials, including legislators.

Private individuals, alas, also misbehave, which is why we have government to begin with. But we should be slow to forget the lesson of the night-watchman state, that state power works best when it is used to curb the private use of force. Ordinary people do lots more than beat each other up. Traditionally they have exercised vast amounts of discretion in the way in which they buy and sell goods, take and quit jobs, hire and fire employees.

If the nemesis of government is unbridled discretion, why does not the same risk exist in private decision-making? The answer is that private individuals and firms have no equivalent monopoly, or shouldn't. There is freedom of entry into product and labor markets that any properly organized state monopoly should foster and preserve. Free entry means that any individual or firm will face competition by rivals in any market for goods or services. If the firm decides that it wishes to price gouge, new entrants will drive its price levels back to the competitive norm. If the firm decides to chisel its employees, other firms will bid away their services. The model of competition is notable for the way in which it combines complete legal freedom with total economic constraint. Under perfect competition, the private seller, or employer, will be able to maximize its profits only if it is able to meet wage and price schedules that are beyond its power to alter. The presence of new entry thus provides a persistent, impersonal antidote to discretion, an antidote that no government directive can duplicate. To be sure, there are always frictions that raise the price of entry, but there are precious few, if any, market imperfections that justify additional restrictions on market entry. Government should use its power to remove, not erect and maintain, legal barriers to entry.

This difference between government and private behavior tells us a good deal about an appropriate national affirmative action policy. If government makes the basic, structural decision to implement a color-blind or sex-blind hiring policy, then the scope of its discretion is necessarily reduced because there is no affirmative action program to administer. Of course a "blind" hiring policy is easier to describe than to achieve. Subjectivity is built into hiring decisions, and there will always be partisan temptations to adopt standards that appear to be sex- and race-neutral but have systematic disparate impacts upon various groups. There are some positions for which men, or women, or—surely less frequently—whites, or blacks, may be better suited precisely because of their sex or their color. But leaving aside odd cases such as prison guards and undercover drug agents, the vast majority of jobs could be open to essentially anyone, regardless of race or sex. Government can function without any affirmative action programs.

In stark contrast, deciding to adopt an affirmative action program is just a prelude to a variety of other decisions. How exactly should race and sex be taken into account? There is a range of possibilities. At one extreme, an employer could use a "point system" similar to what some states use to help veterans: women or blacks have a certain number of points that are added to a score otherwise computed on the traditional merit grounds, such as years of experience, past performance, or scores on standardized tests. Yet someone has still to decide who gets how many points and why. At the other extreme is a flat quota requiring equal numbers (or some other predetermined ratio) of men and women, or whites and blacks, in every job category.

Designing a program that takes race or sex into account inevitably confers vast amounts of discretion on the person in charge. If it's correct that this kind of discretion is less dangerous in private hands, then that is a reason to have less fear of unjust consequences from private affirmative action than from affirmative action by the state.

AFFIRMATIVE ACTION is a divisive issue. Government has to take an all-or-nothing position. But there is no obvious reason that all private institutions have to adopt the same policy toward affirmative action programs. Some could decide to have no truck with them, while others could adopt them on a broad scale. Yet each firm, regardless of its decision, will quickly have to live with the consequences, both good and bad. It should not be supposed that a race-blind or color-blind policy is necessarily good for business. Firms that sell primarily to women and blacks may acquire a better public image from an affirmative action program, even if they do not gain any important efficiencies in production. What is clear is that private firms that must face this market test will get quicker and more reliable feedback about their successes and failures than will government agencies that face no such reality test. Private firms can do a better job in fine-tuning their programs than

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government bureaus. And they are more likely to avoid extremes in decision-making that often characterize victorious political coalitions.

Decentralizing decision-making, moreover, means that everyone in society need no longer agree about affirmative action. If some individuals think one way, they can buy into, or do business with, those firms that share their point of view. The bruising political battles that arise under political majority rule are thus tempered by the ability of private persons to choose their trading partners.

What about affirmative action programs at the state or local level? One of the great blessings of a federal system is that it introduces a measure of competition between governments. So the freedom-of-entry argument for allowing private affirmative action still retains some of its force. But government is still government. The sordid history of segregation in the South shows how small electoral majorities (or indeed minorities) can impose their will upon the remainder of the population, even when migration out of state is possible.

There are, of course, checks on political power—highly imperfect checks. Politicians need to win re-election, for example. But they can do that without having to secure anything close to unanimous consent, and therefore could embark on legislative strategies that victimize large segments of local population without fear of retribution at the polls. The right of entry and exit from state and local governments still remains of critical importance, but it's a lot harder to move to a different state than to change jobs or take your business to a different company. If a shareholder does not like his firm's policy, he can easily sell his shares in a ready market without having to sell his house and uproot his family as well.

EVEN THOUGH private firms and government agencies are often in competition with one another—in the market for employees, among others—it's quite common to make them play by different rules in various areas such as pensions, social security, and even anti-discrimination laws. The danger of abuse, and the need to account for tax revenues, have always placed government officials on a shorter leash than their private counterparts.

The Constitution places powerful restraints upon government action while leaving private action virtually untouched. The equal protection clause, taken by many to embody the ideal of a color-blind Constitution, applies only to *state* action. It does not cover private action at all. The stress upon the differences between government and private action is as sound in principle today as it has been throughout our long constitutional history. Private employers should be free to adopt voluntary affirmative action programs if they want. Government at all levels must be made to play by a stricter set of rules.

RICHARD A. EPSTEIN

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The Democrats' budget dilemma.

WHOSE AX IS GORED

THE DEMOCRATS have been taken to the cleaners in the surprise bipartisan move to revive the Gramm-Rudman act. The new deficit-reduction formula imposes a fiscal straitjacket on activist government well into the 1990s but lets Reagan off lightly this year and next. In the jockeying that produced this dismal outcome, liberals and conservatives virtually switched sides. Senator Phil Gramm emerged as an apologist for big deficits; Democrats were the main force behind the resurrection of the Gramm-Rudman law; and the White House worked tirelessly behind the scenes to minimize the force of the new automatic "trigger" (replacing the one that the courts threw out) that will automatically cut spending if Congress fails to meet mandated deficit targets.

All of this came to a head in mid-September, when House Ways and Means Chairman Dan Rostenkowski offered a formula that at last won Republican support. On September 18 key Republican and Democratic members of a House-Senate conference committee agreed to a new Gramm-Rudman deficit schedule and a new trigger designed to pass constitutional muster. The new formula imposes modest and flexible cuts this year and next year, and leaves the draconian cuts for after the 1988 election. Rostenkowski and some other House Democratic leaders have convinced themselves that this deal is worth it, because it will finally force Reagan to swallow a modest tax increase if he wants to avoid cuts in his military budget. Rostenkowski assures his colleagues that Congress can simply revise the law once again to keep the trigger from blowing away the new administration. But Rosty may have outwitted himself and his party.

A brief refresher on Gramm-Rudman politics. From most Democrats' point of view, the original 1985 Gramm-Rudman law, enacted as a desperation measure, had one big flaw and one big appeal. Its schedule of mandatory deficit reductions was unrealistically stringent, and it was depressive fiscal policy. A deficit cut to $108 billion by next year and zero by 1991 would require spending cuts of such drastic proportions that the economy would be thrown into depression, and what remains of discretionary social spending would be all but wiped out. On the other hand, the very stringency of the Gramm-Rudman formula would, as the saying went, "put the gun to Reagan's head," and force him to take either a tax increase or cuts in military spending, or both. On that basis, several liberal Democrats, led by Massachusetts Senators Edward Kennedy and John Kerry, voted for the original 1985 bill.

Before the issue could be forced, the Supreme Court disarmed Gramm-Rudman's mandatory trigger. The Court held that the law breached the constitutional sepa-

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ration of powers by directing a congressional employee, the comptroller of the currency, to execute the mandatory cuts in the event that Congress missed the budget targets. That left Gramm-Rudman as a series of goals and timetables, but without teeth. If Congress failed to meet the goals, the only consequence would be more embarrassing headlines.

As a result, ongoing negotiations have sought to invent a trigger. This is easy enough to accomplish technically; it requires giving authority to the Office of Management and Budget to order cuts, rather than the comptroller. But politically, fixing Gramm-Rudman has presented instructive difficulties. Until this month, every time Democrats and Republicans have been close to a deal, the White House has implored the Republicans to back off, for precisely the reason that Senators Kerry and Kennedy foresaw: a Gramm-Rudman formula with teeth would indeed require a hefty tax increase or stiff defense cuts, and probably both.

IN THE MEANTIME, the moral suasion imposed by even a toothless Gramm-Rudman law has not worked out all that badly for the Democrats, both in terms of budget priorities and as fiscal policy. From a liberal viewpoint, the budget of the fiscal year just ending (FY 1987) was by far the best of the Reagan budgets. Military spending was held virtually level at about $289 billion, which is about a three percent real cut when adjusted for inflation. Domestic social spending was protected from further cuts, and a few programs actually got modest increases. For the first time since 1981, the reductions in health outlays hit providers rather than limiting services to patients. Last year also saw token increases in taxes. And the deficit dropped from the $222 billion originally projected to an estimated $155-$160 billion. This sort of glide path also makes fiscal sense.

But 1987 was a fortuitous fiscal year in several respects, which will not be repeated. The 1986 tax reform act was designed to be "revenue neutral" over five years, but increases revenues in its first year. Congress also saved money from slightly higher than projected growth, from a one-time cash-in of capital gains in anticipation of higher capital gains taxes under the reform, from sales of federal assets that will not be repeated, and from an unexpected drop in interest rates, which are now on the rise again.

In the Gramm-Rudman fix, Republicans generally and White House loyalists in particular pressed Democrats to "rear-load" the formula—impose very modest cuts now and next year, and make sure that very stiff ones fall in on the next administration. If the Democrats win the White House in 1988, this would make them take responsibility for the inevitable tax increase and would force them to cut programs serving Democratic constituencies, quite possibly in the midst of a recession. In this bargaining Senator Gramm, of all people, emerged as a fiscal pussycat, arguing for only token cuts this year and next. On the other hand, liberal Democrats (a.k.a. Big Spenders) held out for much tougher deficit reduction in the short run, both as necessary fiscal policy and to get the present administration to share the political pain with the next one.

However, Rostenkowski's formula, which carried with minor revisions, gives away most of the store to the Republicans. At the key conference meeting, Gramm, the holdout, immediately grasped the partisan implications and leapt to accept Rosty's offer. The formula permits one set of deficit-reduction rules for Reagan, and a much more stringent set for his successor. Rather than imposing specific deficit targets for the remaining two Reagan budgets (as the original Gramm-Rudman law did), the new formula merely imposes annual reductions. The deficit must be cut by $23 billion from 1987 to 1988, and another $36 billion in 1989. The difference in the two approaches seems arcane, but it is crucial. Not only are these relatively modest cuts; the approach is far more flexible (and sensible), because it takes into account changes in the real economy. If there is a recession, and the 1988 deficit is higher than anticipated, Gramm-Rudman II will not require deeper cuts to meet some predetermined goal.

The 1988 and 1989 cuts are small enough that any tax increase will be mild. The mandatory sequestering of funds, which kicks in if Congress fails to meet the target, will indeed force Reagan to swallow some higher taxes and some defense cuts, but only token ones. The Democrats win their symbolic victory of forcing Reagan to take some taxes, but the "gun to Reagan's head" is a popgun. The real headache is saved for the next administration.

Beginning in fiscal year 1990, the first budget of the new administration, the formula reverts to a much more rigid approach: a deficit of no more than $100 billion in FY 1990, $64 billion in 1991, $28 billion in 1992, and zero in 1993. This will put the next administration under excruciating pressure either to enact exorbitant and unpopular tax increases or to slash social programs further, or both. Although Gramm-Rudman is automatically suspended in a serious recession, its rigid mandates could prolong or deepen a moderate slump just when revenues are falling and the need for public outlays, such as unemployment compensation, is rising. Gramm-Rudman II also endorses Hooverian economic logic. In a normal economy, a reasonable and sustainable deficit is 1½ to 2 percent of GNP, or about $100 billion, not zero. It is wholly self-defeating, as well as depressive fiscal policy, for Democrats to write into law a mandatory balanced budget.

WHY DID the Democrats rescue Gramm-Rudman just when the scheme was expiring of its own weight, and why did they inflict the worst part of it on the next administration? First, they have been waiting for more than five years to make the Republicans share responsibility for raising taxes, and they apparently got caught up in the exhilaration of finally seeming to do it. Under the revised Gramm-Rudman formula, this year's tax increase will be in the range of $10 billion to $20 billion, not much to crow about. Second, in the Rostenkowski compromise, Democrats were able to get Republicans to give up several other odious budget "reforms," such as a proposal to let the president sign or veto appropriation bills

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one at a time, which would have given him free rein to cut social programs without giving up any defense spending in return. But Republicans did not have the votes to enact this scheme in any case. Third, the Democrats are obsessed, as Walter Mondale was, by the fatal Beltway premise that their most important task is to demonstrate fiscal responsibility. And finally, as noted, the House leadership thinks they can go back and revise the formula in two years, should a Democrat be elected president.

But that may turn out to be a disastrous miscalculation. Imagine the scene in January 1989, if a Democrat is in the White House. Congress is attempting to produce a budget, laboring against a mandatory deficit target of $100 billion. According to current projections, that means finding new taxes or program cuts of at least $60 billion (and closer to $90 billion if the economy is in recession). Why in the world would Republican legislators vote to let the Democrats off that hook? Barring an LBJ-style landslide in 1988, which is almost inconceivable, there will be enough fiscally conservative Democrats in Congress to join Republicans in blocking another revision of Gramm-Rudman.

There are two distinct culprits in the fiscal mess. The first is Congress, a perennial and easy whipping boy. As we all know, the 1974 Budget Act didn't work out as planned, Congress just can't set priorities, etc., etc. But in reality the bigger culprit is Ronald Reagan. Any other president would long since have cut a grand deal with Congress to put the deficit on a downward path.

The improbable Gramm-Rudman rescue makes fiscal Reaganism a permanent condition of contemporary politics. A final irony is that the White House has remained lukewarm to the idea to the very end, because of the president's intransigence about taxes, even though the bill is a partisan windfall. The only small silver lining in this grim fiscal cloud is that the whole mess could well fall in on President Bob Dole.

ROBERT KUTTNER

A Washington (dis)information guide.

LEAK-A-BOO

"EVERYONE ALWAYS says more than they're supposed to," William Casey tells Bob Woodward in the prologue to *Veil*, Woodward's top-secret new book on the CIA. From beyond the grave, Casey once again proves himself a master of ambiguity. He was one of the chief inquisitors in an administration where news leakers have been hounded as heretics and polygraph charts are worshiped as revealed truth. Yet according to Woodward, the late CIA chief is not merely his new book's main character but also one of his principal informants. In an interview with *Washingtonian* magazine, Woodward said he spoke with Casey at least 48 times. Though this statistic does not reveal how much Casey told journalism's father confessor, by Reagan administration standards (which Casey helped establish) it creates the presumption that the scourge of unauthorized disclosure was himself a major source of leaked information.

This would appear to be a stunning paradox, even in an administration where officials earn merit badges for double-talk and deceit. The drive to curb leaks of government information has been a fundamental goal of Reaganite governance. According to a survey compiled in 1985 by the Reporters' Committee for Freedom of the Press, since taking office the administration has undertaken no fewer than 51 actions "aimed at restricting public and media access to government information and intruding on editorial freedom." These have ranged from solemn secrecy oaths to hooking suspected Pentagon leakers to a lie detector to trying to limit publication of non-secret scientific research.

The disclosure that Casey may have been a world-class leaker suggests that the crusade to stanch the hemorrhage of American intelligence secrets is just another Reaganite hypocrisy. But administration officials have long been generous leakers of the most sensitive kinds of official information. I first encountered the porous reality of administration information policy five years ago, when I found myself assigned to cover the Washington end of the Falklands War for a British newspaper. I had never covered a major national security story, and this one appeared particularly thorny because the British government was closely managing (censoring) the release of information about its military operations. But in Washington a feud between administration factions (a Jeane Kirkpatrick clique favored the Argies and a Caspar Weinberger claque favored the Brits) proved ripe for journalistic exploitation. Within a few days I had assembled a small posse of well-placed administration sources. They were willing, even eager, to dispense the most useful kind of military dope.

The information was of high quality, and some was clearly from sensitive sources. How else could the United States find out that an Argentine submarine's torpedo tube had jammed while stalking a British ship? The detail was so fine that London editors didn't believe it at first. The British government vehemently denied at least one story from administration sources, about how a British commando team had landed on the mainland. It was not until earlier this year that British Defense officials partially confirmed the story.

A Washington journalist with no inside sources had only to read the newspapers carefully to learn that some of the most extravagant leakers were the types who complain loudest about unauthorized disclosures. In 1982 the *Washington Post*'s Robert Kaiser reported how a "cabal" of right-wing Capitol Hill and administration officials known as the Madison Group used leaks to try to sabotage Richard Burt's nomination to head the State Department's European bureau, because while Burt worked as a *New York Times* reporter he had published details of a U.S. spy satellite program. Yet while at the *Times*, Burt had relied on some

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of the same sources for leaks of secret information that tended to discredit SALT II. Journalists who encountered members of the Madison Group learned that, much as Oliver North justified his lies, these motormouths convinced themselves that leaks are OK if the leaker is sufficiently patriotic.

THIS IS NOT to say that right-wingers are by nature more prolific leakers than left-wingers. Just recall the magnitude of Daniel Ellsberg's Pentagon Papers leak. But no administration has disgorged quite as routinely as the Reaganites what by their own standards is sensitive information. Its disclosures have fallen into three principal genres. First, senior officials, up to and including the president, have simply released to the press classified information such as satellite photos or electronic intercepts. In this case they are trying to prove a point, such as Qaddafi's support of terrorism or Soviet expansion in the Caribbean. These are not really leaks at all, since the source is obvious. But the willingness of top officials to hand out sensitive information over the counter has given lesser functionaries a broad licence to hand it out under the counter. Such true leaks fall into the categories of intentional and inadvertent.

In 1982 the administration released satellite photos purporting to show that the Cubans and Russians were helping Marxist rebels in El Salvador to assemble the largest guerrilla force in Central America. And who can forget the transcripts of intercepted Soviet air force conversations released by the administration after the Russians shot down KAL 007? Then there was election night in 1984, when White House officials told TV correspondents that a ship carrying Soviet fighter planes was in sight of the Nicaraguan coastline. The evidence suggested that this was a calculated leak by top officials, although they did not claim credit for their handiwork. All of these leaks involved the kind of potential damage to intelligence sources (the Libyans might change codes or frequencies, for example, and Soviet freighters might change crates) that previous administrations had been reluctant to risk. But they were all authorized disclosures by ranking officials.

Which brings us to inadvertent leaks, in which officials disclose more information than intended while making their political point. In the wake of the American bombing of Libya, the *Washington Post* and *Newsweek* both reported on the contents of Libyan diplomatic cables that had apparently been decoded by American intelligence. These leaks may well have been unintentional, since the CIA subsequently issued a warning that reporters who published such information in the future could be prosecuted. No prosecutions were ever brought, however, and Reagan later actually appeared to endorse the leak when he confirmed in a speech that the United States had listened in to messages between Tripoli and its embassies overseas. Not the least important leaker was that ferocious critic of irresponsible journalists and liberal politicians, Lt. Col. Oliver North. As *Newsweek* recently pointed out, North himself was the source of a leak that by his own description "very seriously compromised our intelligence activity." Predictably, he blamed the leak on Congress.

No less an authority than Lt. Gen. William Odom, director of the National Security Agency and a Casey acolyte, declared at a rare meeting with the press in early September that when it comes to leaking sensitive intelligence information, the administration has been far more fecund than its antagonists in Congress, if only because the executive branch is larger. Odom, who joined Casey last year in threatening several news organizations with criminal prosecution for overenthusiastic reporting of a spy case, said that leaks have caused more damage to America's communications intelligence (i.e., electronic eavesdropping and codebreaking) system "in the past three to four years than in a long, long time." When the head of an agency whose nickname is "Never Say Anything" chastises his masters in public, you know he's got something to worry about. During the Iranamok hearings, the *Washington Times* used a leaked Odom letter complaining about leaks to blackguard congressional liberals. This was curious behavior, since the *Times* is a frequent recipient of administration leaks about intelligence and defense, although its journalists often report them with the panting credulity of schoolboys watching their first James Bond film.

But administration officials have learned that leaking can be a highly effective tactic for shaping news coverage, or at least winning the attention and even loyalty of journalists. Put yourself in the journalists' shoes. If a source gives you piles of inside information, how much do you really care whether the source is following some personal agenda? What happens if your source later turns out to be a key figure in a scandal? Under the conventions of Washington journalism, you are obliged not to expose him, but does this serve the reader's interests?

WHEN IRANAMOK erupted, a number of Washington reporters were faced with just this dilemma because of their relationship with Colonel North, as *Newsweek* noted last January. Would the scandal have come to light earlier if so many Washington reporters had not been in thrall to Ollie? Journalists who cover the national security beat know that North was by no means the only official in the Reagan White House to hand out regular nuggets of colorful, sometimes dazzling information. But the juiciest leaks from the most senior officials are reserved for the most influential journalists. This makes both the leakers and the recipients feel more important. (Until Iranamok, the administration's cultivation of the media also advanced the darker side of its public relations strategy: the propagation of "disinformation," such as the scare campaign the National Security Council mounted against Qaddafi a year ago under Poindexter's instructions.)

One almost begins to wonder whether the administration subconsciously had begun to construct a Washington version of the much-despised British system of "lobby" journalism. Journalists who cover the prime minister and other major Cabinet departments are given regular access

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to top government ministers on the condition that all exchanges are non-attributable. A tavern in the House of Commons called Annie's Bar is set aside for just this kind of conversation. The arrangement allows the government to get out its message to the media while ostensibly maintaining the tradition that all government information is secret and leakers will be prosecuted. This can lead to the unhealthy state of affairs where the government and the press begin to regard each other as a kind of partner. Critics of the "lobby" say that the system invites government manipulation and lazy journalism, and some British newspapers have recently refused to allow their correspondents to attend "lobby" briefings and frequent the right bars.

The American government is too decentralized and too unpredictable for any administration to tame the press corps to this extent. Whether Washington journalists have gone too far in letting themselves be tamed by the present administration is another matter. The *Washington Post* found itself in an uncomfortable predicament last year when it entered into complex negotiations with administration intelligence officials over a controversial story on U.S. electronic espionage methods. Under threat of prosecution, the *Post* reviewed the contents of its unpublished story with government officials and eventually cut some information out of it. In *Veil* Bob Woodward appears to criticize his editors' acceptance of government pleas for censorship: he lays out, in excruciating detail, all the material that was cut from the *Post*'s story (which relates to a thingamajig used by the NSA to listen in to messages sent over the Russians' underwater telephone cables).

Meanwhile, Woodward himself recently became the latest victim of the Washington leak, as details of his book filtered out to unauthorized recipients despite extraordinary secrecy measures. One assumes that he would wish the leakers well, and understand that it's all part of the Washington game. On balance, a leaky Washington is a healthy Washington, provided journalists remember that information can be manipulated as easily as camera angles.

MARK HOSENBALL

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The debt crisis from the debtor's point of view.

BRAZIL SAYS: NUTS

BY JAMES S. HENRY

AMERICANS USUALLY look at the Third World debt problem from the perspective of our own banks. This is natural enough, because it is, after all, "our money," and it is easier for a reporter on deadline to ring up Citicorp than the Brazilian Finance Ministry. But let's look at this seemingly endless financial story from the perspective of the debtor. In fact, let's take Brazil (though Argentina or the Philippines would do just as well).

In the context of all of Brazil's other current problems, paying its foreign bankers seems to be the *least* of its worries. Even though its foreign bankers have been very well paid over the years, the country itself has very little to show for its debts. And the misguided economic policies that the banks now complain about so loudly are rooted in 25 years of debt-led growth strategy that the banks were once frothing to finance.

For the last two years Brazil has refused to accept an IMF adjustment program and foreign banks have refused to lend Brazil any new money. Since February Brazil has also refused to pay the banks any interest. Now they are getting nervous. Under U.S. law, loans can be classified as "value-impaired" by bank regulators after six months of nonpayment, requiring write-offs against earning. Since Brazil's $113 billion foreign debt includes about $28 billion owed to American banks, this could easily erase most of the $20 billion of new reserves the banks have ostentatiously put aside since last May. And other leading debtor countries might be encouraged to follow Brazil's lead. The six-month deadline passed by at the end of August. U.S. bank regulators will meet on October 26 to decide precisely what write-offs are necessary. Negotiations between Brazil and its bankers begin in earnest at the IMF meetings in Washington, D.C., this week.

As a curtain raiser, Brazil's finance minister, Luis Carlos Bresser Perreira, has outraged American bankers by proposing that Brazil might deal with its debts the way financially troubled private corporations such as Lockheed sometimes have. He suggested that Brazil give its bankers marketable bonds, partially guaranteed by a government agency (the World Bank), in exchange for half of their outstanding loans to Brazil. These bonds might be worth (and would cost Brazil) only about 50 percent or 60 percent of the face value

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James S. Henry is writing a book on what happened to all that money Western banks loaned to the Third World.

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of the loans they would replace, since that is the discount the market places on a piece of paper saying that Brazil owes you money. In essence, Brazil would be taking advantage of its status as a bad debtor to reduce the burden of its debt. The banks feared the write-offs that Bresser's proposal would require, and communicated their hostility to Treasury Secretary James Baker, who informed Bresser on September 8 that the World Bank guarantees would not be available. So Brazil and its bankers remain seriously deadlocked.

Bresser is an affable Michigan State graduate with good English and a broad background as a film critic, a supermarket-chain director, an economics professor, and a bank president. Most American bankers find him easier to relate to than his predecessor, Dilson Funaro, a monolingual toy manufacturer who detested bankers and pioneered Brazil's debt moratorium. But Bresser, only in power since the end of April, is Brazil's third finance minister in two years, and may well not survive the rest of this year. Brazil is going through one of its worst economic crises ever. At the same time, the country's leaders are trying to write a new constitution and conduct a democratic transition from 21 years of military rule. Against this background Keynes himself would have credibility problems.

CIVILIAN RULE returned to Brazil in early 1985, when the popular Tancredo Neves was chosen president. Unfortunately Neves died before taking office, and his vice president, José Sarney, unexpectedly became president. Sarney, a machine politician from a backward northern state, has had only one clear objective—to remain in power as long as possible. The exact length of his term—between four and six years—is to be determined by the new Constituent Assembly that was elected in November 1986. Throughout 1986 Sarney tried to influence the crucial November elections by conducting populist economic policies.

Funaro was appointed finance minister in the fall of 1985. Inflation was 15 percent and rising, so Funaro seized on a new scheme to end inflation without pain called the "heterodox shock," in contrast to the "orthodox" shocks preferred by the IMF, Milton Friedman, and many military governments. The orthodox shock is to stop printing money and suffer through the huge economic contraction that results. (Friedman's advice to Gen. Augusto Pinochet in Chile: "When you cut a tail off a dog, you don't cut it off inch by inch, you cut it off all at once.") The basic notion behind the heterodox shock is that a temporary price freeze can cure the part of inflation that is built into people's expectations, so-called "inertial" inflation, allowing a less drastic reduction in the money supply.

Initially Funaro's new policy, known as the Cruzado Plan, seemed to work. One month after it was introduced in February 1986, inflation fell to zero. An artificial boom followed, as wages temporarily outpaced inflation. Profits also soared. The São Paulo stock market doubled in a single month. The unknown Sarney became popular. But by the summer of 1986 acute shortages had appeared. Buyers had to pay *agio* under the table to get the products they wanted. Relative prices became absurd. Typewriters, assuming you could find them, were cheaper than shoes. Meanwhile the Central Bank kept money loose, feeding inflation. By fall inflation was raging. By June 1987 it exceeded 1,900 percent and interest rates were nearly 30 percent a month. The stock market fell 90 percent in real terms. The country's trade surplus nearly disappeared, despite falling oil prices and interest rates.

Brazil has over 600 state-owned companies, which include its 25 largest non-financial companies and several of its largest banks. Together they control over half of the country's capital stock. Since 1985 many of these state companies have been technically bankrupt, mainly because their prices have been kept below cost for political reasons. The resulting deficit, nearly 20 percent of GDP, was financed by the Central Bank, driving inflation even higher. When the inevitable increases came, they touched off disturbances not unlike the "IMF riots" that have resulted from banker-imposed austerity in other countries.

This economic mess has had devastating social consequences. Labor and the poor have been slammed at once by hyperinflation and unemployment. In the last six months workers have lost all the real gains of the previous year. Prices of basic commodities such as sugar and milk have risen even faster than general inflation. One result has been a dramatic rise in crimes like robbery and shoplifting from supermarkets. In late May, near São Paulo, hungry people attacked garbage workers and battled them for the garbage. In early July Rio bus ticket prices were raised by 50 percent, provoking huge downtown riots—riders set fire to scores of buses and the police had to be reinforced by the army. The situation has become even worse in the states of the north and the northeast, Brazil's poorest areas. Each week about 200 buses arrive in São Paulo from such northern regions, filled with refugees. They survive in makeshift huts, huddled against the city's damp nights.

The middle class has had its own hyperinflationary nightmare. The purchasing power of salaries is uncertain from one week to the next. Paying bills by mail is impossible—people must go to their creditors' banks and stand in long lines. Idle cash has to be deposited in the bank each day to protect its value against inflation. In June, though, these accounts undercompensated savers for inflation by about $6 billion.

There is also the Brazilian elite. Some of the richest people in the world live in Rio and São Paulo, in a world of magnificent villas, Arabian horses, Learjets, private yachts, numerous servants, and private bankers in New York, Miami, and Geneva. For them the economic chaos is not all bad. As one investment banker told me, "I know lots of people are having trouble, but right now the short-term speculative opportunities are fantastic." As for taxes, the Brazilian elite avoids them almost entirely through the adroit manipulation of offshore accounts, black markets, and *caixa dois*, the hidden assets of companies with two sets of books. But members of the elite worry about the effect of the economic crisis on political stability.

Bresser's attempts to fix this mess have not inspired confidence. Immediately after taking office he said he

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might abolish the sales tax on cars, so people stopped buying them in anticipation. This hurt, since the auto industry is about ten percent of Brazil's economy. He said he wanted five percent growth in 1987, so businesses slowed investment, because growth during the first half of 1987 had already been strong enough to ensure at least five percent for the year. He announced a mini-devaluation that was too small, triggering a run on the cruzado. His recent announcement of the debt repurchase plan was clumsily made, without even consulting the U.S. Treasury.

In June Bresser announced a new economic plan. Its key provisions were a "new, improved" price freeze, increased prices in nationalized industries, a devaluation, and tighter money—in short, a typical IMF-style adjustment program. He told the banks he would end the moratorium on debt payments if they would lend Brazil half its interest bill for 1987-88, about $9 billion, and reschedule another $18 billion of principal. Critics on the left labeled this new program "an IMF program, minus new money." Conservatives attacked Bresser's plan for skirting what they consider to be the central issue, Brazil's bloated public sector.

Bresser's plan is already running into serious difficulties. After an artificial hiatus in July, inflation doubled to six percent per month in September, well above the targets sought under the price freeze. And, most important, the public sector deficit remains out of control. At the end of August Bresser was forced to add important new limits on state credits and the salaries of state employees.

MEANWHILE, Bresser's political base is very weak, which helps to account for his wildly oscillating positions in the debt negotiations. On the left, the most vociferous opposition is from organized labor and the followers of Leonel Brizola, the popular former governor of Rio de Janeiro. His party and the Workers' Party, led by labor leader Lula, have led large demonstrations calling for immediate presidential elections and an end to "IMF policies." Brizola now leads the polls when Brazilians are asked whom they would support for president. Unfortunately Brizola is also the candidate most likely to bring the military back to office. No one has been able to persuade the left that the correct analogy here is 1848, not 1917, and that the main task is to consolidate democracy.

People wonder how long the military will put up with all the nonsense. Only fatigue with power and its own horrific record clearly stand in the way of a return to military rule. Right now the military's attitude seems to be "You wanted democracy? You've got it!" But if Bresser's policies fall apart and there is a popular demand from the middle classes for a return to military rule, it is unlikely that the military will refuse. Whether Bresser and the center can hold depends in part on how kindly he is treated by his bankers, and in part on whether he can show more political skill.

Many Brazilians are angry about the debt. Foreign loans subsidized the growth of Brazil's huge, inefficient state enterprises, which now account for about $40 billion of its debt. As one businessman says, "It was as if the Moscow-Narodny Bank financed the growth of capitalism." Foreign loans also paid for numerous "white elephant" projects, such as three nuclear plants built at a cost of over $5 billion. One of them works occasionally. Brazil also has the largest hydroelectric dam in the world, begun in 1974 and still not finished, at a total cost to date of $15.2 billion. A railroad begun 12 years ago and never completed has cost $1.2 billion. The $600 million Transamazonica Highway is difficult to find now—the jungle has covered much of it. Another $40 billion of the debt is owed by the Central Bank without any supporting investments.

Brazil today has been very well prepared by its military wise men to compete in the 19th century, where the emphasis was on volume, quantity, and raw labor power. Its adult population is semiliterate, its education system is a shambles, and there is a severe shortage of skilled labor. Less than half of all children complete high school; only four out of 100 go to college. There are over two million landless rural families. The existing land reform program is a farce. Environmental disasters abound.

Many Brazilians believe their debts have been repaid. Until recently Brazil was the most profitable market in the world for foreign loans. Banks were getting returns on equity of 100 percent or more. For years Citicorp derived more profits from Brazil than from its entire U.S. operations. Then the banks turned tightfisted. During 1983-86, Brazil paid over $40 billion in interest to its foreign banks, yet it was unable to get any fresh loans. Mexico, Argentina, Venezuela, and Brazil together paid a total of $120 billion in interest, over a third of the face value of their debts, while getting less than $9 billion in new private bank loans.

Nor did official institutions like the World Bank and the IMF pick up the slack. In 1983-84, Brazil's military government got $5.4 billion in new loans from such sources. In 1985-87 its new democracy has received *$2.7 billion*. Of course the IMF and the private banks say that the shortage of new money is Brazil's own fault, since the military accepted its austerity strictures and the democrats do not. Brazilians ask: Why should we throw people out of work to pay debts we never contracted? In short, there is a sharp clash between debt service and democratization.

Even now, few foreigners doubt that Brazil could be one of the world's richest economies. Already larger than the rest of South America's economy combined, Brazil dominates the commodity "top ten"—first in coffee and hydro power; second in sugar, tin, and cocoa; third in iron ore, bauxite, and gold; and so forth. It produces more autos, cement, and chemicals than Korea. Domestic oil supplies over half its needs. As for the supreme test of economic development, Brazil is the fifth-largest arms exporter in the world, and has the ability to make its own nuclear weapons.

Unfortunately, however bright its future, at the moment its 138 million people have an average living standard that is well below that of Argentineans, Venezuelans, and even Mexicans. Meanwhile, Brazil is cursed by shortsighted politicians, shaky finance ministers, impractial economists, and, of course, hungry bankers. As a former Brazilian planning minister once said, "Yes, Brazil has a great future. And 50 years from now it may still just have a great future!"□

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Shot in Two Countries

Dark Eyes opens daringly. We are in the empty dining room of a luxe Italian ship, around 1915. In comes a thirsty man who is told that he is early, they aren't serving yet. Another man, writing at a table, invites the newcomer to join him and share his pitcher of wine. The newcomer, played by Vsevolod Larionov, and the man with the wine, Marcello Mastroianni, converse in Italian. Mastroianni recognizes the first man's Russian accent, and this opens the floodgates of memory in his own mind. Mastroianni begins to tell a story. This story is the film, and the film itself frequently reverts to its telling at this table.

Dark Eyes
(Island Pictures)

The daring in that first six or seven minutes is that nothing happens except the conversation of the two men. The director, Nikita Mikhalkov, does what Bergman occasionally did—he throws the burden of his opening on his actors. Mikhalkov emphasizes this by using close-ups throughout the scene. "These are two interesting characters," he seems to say. "More, they are played by two actors in themselves interesting. I bet on them." He wins. Mastroianni and Larionov capture us with their savory interplay.

But that is the best scene in the film, the one most sensitively and economically realized. Much in the rest of the film is gorgeous, but a good deal of it is too gorgeous. Some of the performances are cleanly drawn, some are hammy. Mastroianni himself gets thinner and thinner as the film progresses. The screenplay begins with a nugget of promise, then wastes that promise as it goes.

Dark Eyes is an Italian-Soviet coproduction and was shot in both countries. Mastroianni, we're told, was enchanted by such Mikhalkov films as *A Slave of Love* and *Oblomov*. He pressed his producer, Silvia D'Amico Bendico, to approach Mikhalkov, and after much conferring, this film was arranged and made. The screenplay was written by Mikhalkov with a Russian collaborator, Alexander Adabachian, and an Italian, Suso Cecchi D'Amico. (D'Amico, who has worked on many of the best Italian films of the last 40 years, is the mother of the producer.) It was based on some Chekhov stories, principally "The Lady with the Dog," and there begins the trouble.

Those who know the story, or the lovely Soviet film of it by Josef Heifits (1959), will wonder why it was substantively altered. Those who don't know the story won't be aware of what they are missing or why. In the original, a Muscovite, married to a wealthy woman, vacations in Yalta and has a brief affair—he thinks—with the vacationing wife of a provincial official. They part. The man, back in Moscow, belatedly realizes that he has fallen in love, travels to the woman's provincial home, and finds that the same is true of her. Their tragedy, of thwarted love, begins. (The English literary critic John Bayley, with pardonable excess, recently called it the greatest short story ever written.)

The screenplay naturally makes the man an Italian. He is bored with his rich wife, is unfaithful, and goes to the spa of Montecatini, where he meets a young Russian married woman. They have an affair. Subsequently he pursues her to Russia and finds that she is as much in love as he. He leaves, saying that he will free himself and return, but he doesn't. Some of the alterations don't much hurt the Chekhov story, but the ending reduces tragedy to pathos—or would do so if it succeeded. The film's last moments consist of two twists that I mustn't reveal; the mere fact that there *are* twists is proof of debasement. The fundamental damage is to the man's character. He is made a lecherous buffoon, a stupid idler, incapable of the change of feeling we are told he undergoes.

The screenplay (which includes nods to Cicero and Tolstoy) further bogs down with changes of tone, particularly some fake Gogol scenes with Russian officials, quite divorced from the realistic level of most of the film. And in the provincial Russian town a sequence is inserted with a local vet who wants to save forests, for no other reason apparently than to remind us of Dr. Astrov in *Uncle Vanya*.

The inadequate writing of the leading role is italicized by Mastroianni's performance. In a way he has himself become the character he plays here—a rich idler, supported by a wealthy wife (the film industry), who doesn't really work at acting any more, he just dallies with what comes along. If he had played the character to the hilt, he might have vitalized even this misconceived role and thus bound the film together. But in virtually the whole picture he moves and listens and responds as if he had been wakened out of the star's easy chair to do a scene. The marvelous actor of *The Organizer* and *La Notte* and *8 ½*, even of the recent Brazilian *Gabriela*, is here encased in protective superficialities, facile signals of emotion and concern remembered from past performances.

The mention of *8 ½* is additionally bitter because some of the sequences at the spa mimic Fellini's parodic touches at his spa. Anyone who makes a film at an elegant spa runs the risk of comparison

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Hamburger Hill. Some pulpy spots in the writing and directing, but this drama of a battle in the Vietnam War is much more than moving. (Reviewed 9/14&21/87)

Matewan. A grim coal-miners' strike, West Virginia, 1920, recalled with seriousness if not enough impact. Haskell Wexler's camera wonderfully recreates place and feeling. (9/7/87)

The Untouchables. Al Capone and Eliot Ness, Chicago, 1930. Solid old movie fare skillfully modernized. Robert De Niro is monstrous as Capone. (6/22/87)

Wish You Were Here. Sprightly yet serious performance by Emily Lloyd in a sprightly yet serious story of a headstrong teenage girl. An English seaside town, 1951, full of tattiness and sex. (8/3/87)

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with Fellini; certainly aware of this, Mikhalkov takes that risk and falters. He is neither inventive nor serious enough to do successful satire.

Throughout the picture he hungers for artistic effect. The camera work by Franco di Giacomo is sometimes oddly muted—the sky is often gray on sunny days, the trees and grass almost brown, though Mikhalkov wants lushness. He can use camera motion well, following persistently; he can "dress" a scene well with an incidental passer-by. But he zooms in and out excessively, and he wallows in capital-B Beauty—vistas of wind-swept Russian streets, long shots of a wagon rolling across a vast Russian meadow. He lays on acting-class trickery. When the lovers meet again in Russia, Mikhalkov has Mastroianni pursue the frightened woman while she carries a tray with rattling glasses; then the man takes the tray and the glasses rattle some more. When he corners her in a barn, they kiss as chicken feathers descend around them. This cheapness is further cheapened by Francis Lai's score.

The Russian wife is played wistfully, therefore rightly, by Elena Sofonova, who has something of the effect of the cognate actress in the Heifits film: at first she seems a ninny, but she becomes a ninny with a sorrow. Sofonova changes much more affectingly than Mastroianni. The long-absent Silvana Mangano is sympathetic as the rich Italian wife. The underrated Marthe Keller is perfect as Mastroianni's ex-mistress and friend, with just the right blend of affection for him and amusement at her affection.

Various Russian actors, including the renowned Innokenti Smoktunovski, overact. The Italian actors are generally more restrained than the Russian ones, just as Mikhalkov's Italian sequences are less cinematically inflated than his Russian ones.

How social mobility—and drugs—are destroying the old code.

THE MAFIA AND THE MELTING POT

BY JACOB WEISBERG

FOR THE last 30 years experts have been regularly pronouncing the Italo-American Mafia dead. Sociologists theorize that social mobility killed it; they argue that Italians ought logically to follow the pattern of the Irish and the Jews, who abandoned their criminal activities when other paths to prosperity and political power became open to them in the early part of the century. Police officials and politicians point more straightforwardly to the success of their crackdowns and prosecutions of mob bigwigs. All of these accounts make a good deal of sense. In theory the Sicilianate Mafia should no longer exist. Yet the facts have lagged somewhat behind, proving the forecasters premature time and again.

Finally, however, they may have a case. Only in the last few years has evidence emerged that makes it possible to say, tentatively, that the twilight of the gangsters is upon us. As anyone who sees the New York City tabloids knows, the mob has had a tough year in court. Despite the surprising acquittals of John Gotti and other leaders of the Gambino clan, guilty verdicts in the recent "Mob Commission" and "Pizza Connection" show trials did serious damage to four of New York's still-regnant five families: Bonanno, Colombo, Genovese, and Lucchese. Bosses of the last three—"Fat Tony" Salerno, Tony "Ducks" Corallo, and Carmine Persico—are serving sentences ranging from 40 to 100 years.

Rudolph Giuliani, the flashy and ambitious U.S. attorney in Manhattan, deserves a great deal of credit. He has put new investigative and prosecutorial tools to good use in dogging the mob. Most important, he has employed sophisticated electronic surveillance and the RICO statute, which enables him to crack down on the infiltration of legitimate business by criminal organizations. Giuliani combines high-tech law enforcement with a venerable psychological technique for attacking the mob. What appears to many as mere showboating and publicity-mongering is actually an age-old method perfected by Italian cops.

Giuliani's progenitor is not Eliot Ness but Cesare Mori, the nemesis of the Sicilian Mafia in the 1920s. He was fond of issuing personal challenges to individual Mafiosi and mimicking their braggadocio. Like Giuliani, Mori realized that the battle for public opinion was essential to his war on the mob. After making a public bid for the affection of the community that harbored and tolerated them, Mori made the pretense of challenging the Mafiosi to a fair fight, insisting that in a frank struggle for supremacy, his legal weapons were stronger than their illegal ones.

Of course the overreaching claims of such lawmen should be taken skeptically; hyperbole is one of their weapons. Contrary to popular mythology, for example, La Cosa Nostra has never been a centrally directed conspiracy, here or in Italy. It can easily survive decapitation. The five families have accomplished many successions in the past, and Mafia kingpins are adept at conducting diplomacy from prison cells. The Fat Tonys weren't going to be around for long in any case; natural causes and occupational hazards such as after-dinner gunfire tend to solve the problems of septuagenarian mobsters soon enough.

Wiseguy: Life in a Mafia Family
by Nicholas Pileggi
(Simon and Schuster, 256 pp., $17.95; Pocket Books, $4.50)

Mafia Business: The Mafia Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism
by Pino Arlacchi
translated by Martin Ryle
(Verso, 239 pp., $17.95)

The Underground Empire: Where Crime and Governments Embrace
by James Mills
(Doubleday, 1,165 pp., $22.95; Dell, $5.95)

Jacob Weisberg, a former TNR reporter-researcher, is an intern at *Newsweek*'s Washington bureau.

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In fact, the Mafia is showing symptoms of internal maladies far more dangerous than its current legal tribulations. Among the most fascinating material that emerged in the recent prosecutions were recordings of the old timers lamenting the decline of respect and obedience among the rank and file in their organizations. One tape played at the Mob Commission trial captured a heartsick Salerno bemoaning a feckless underling who had the temerity to call him Fat Tony to his face. When Tony Ducks suggested curing the upstart with a dose of lead, Salerno said he was just too blue to order a rubout. He told Ducks that he'd rather retire from a mob where there was no appreciation for his seniority and achievements.

Another poignant moment occurred when Aniello Dellacroce, a capo in the Gambino clan, took time out from threatening to bury an insubordinate soldier in "some fucking hole someplace" to utter the modern mobster's lament:

> Things change now because there's too much conflict. People do whatever they feel like. They don't train their people no more. There's no more—there's no more respect. If you can't be sincere, you can't be honest with your friends—then forget about it. Ya got nothin'.

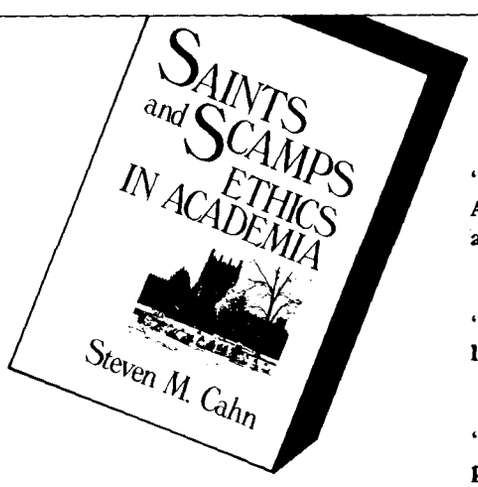
Dellacroce was struggling for an English equivalent of the Italian *omerta*, the code of honor that has always assured the integrity of the Mafia's internal proceedings on both sides of the Atlantic.

After more than a hundred years, the system of *omerta* is no longer functioning very well. Here and in Italy, *uomini di 'onore*, men of honor, are now talking to the cops, copping pleas, and testifying against their former friends and employers. Most important, the owners aren't signing new players. New York's five families, as well as Sicily's great *cosche*, have experienced a crisis in recruitment. According to a recent New York Police Department report, the average age of local Mafiosi is over 60. It is this evidence of terminal anemia more than a few important convictions that substantiates Giuliani's claim that 1987 is "the Mafia's worst year."

Unfortunately the situation at the moment is not so simple as tough-guy Giuliani winning the war against the "scumdogs," as Geraldo Rivera called the Mafiosi on his recent sensationalistic television special, "The Sons of Scarface." The mob Giuliani has tackled represents only one cultural grouping, and no longer the most significant. For many years the Sicilians have been yielding hard-won turf to leaner, and sometimes meaner, mobs based in South America and Asia.

Indeed, the old mob never adapted very well to the drug trade, and that has become far and away the most important category of criminal activity, dwarfing traditional Mafia enterprises such as extortion, protection, and robbery in the amounts of both money and violence it generates. The Fat Tonys and Big Tunas symbolize organized crime's colorful past, but it is the new immigrants—Chinese, Mexicans, Vietnamese, and Colombians—who represent its worrisome future.

Nowhere has the story of how drugs are destroying La Cosa Nostra been better captured than in Nicholas Pileggi's *Wiseguy*, the as-told-to account of a midlevel gangster. Henry Hill was 11 in 1955 when he wandered out of his Brooklyn home into the Euclid Avenue Taxicab and Limousine Service in Brownsville-East New York, Brooklyn, looking for



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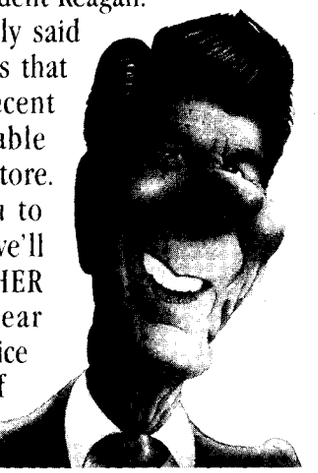

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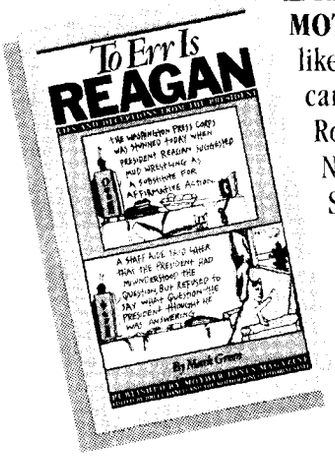

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a job. The owner of the cabstand was one Paul Vario, a capo in the Lucchese family, who liked the kid and put him to work shining Cadillacs. Hill, half-Sicilian despite his name, moved quickly from collecting numbers and selling beer to minors to fencing stolen property and passing counterfeit bills: crimes for apprentice wiseguys.

By 14, he was collecting $190 a week for a no-show construction job and practicing his arson technique. Hill logged his first arrest at 16 for trying to buy snow tires with a stolen credit card. After a stint in the Army, he moved on to a higher class of felony: hijacking, cargo theft, extortion. Pileggi accepts Hill's questionable assertion that although he witnessed murders and occasionally helped to bury bodies, he never killed anybody himself.

The most fascinating bits of description are Hill's nuts-and-bolts explanations of the hustles he worked—how he and his partners fixed horse races and college basketball games, how they shook down restaurant owners, how they fenced "swag," or stolen merchandise. Mundane details become scintillating when Hill describes the mechanics of, say, a truck-hijacking racket. Wiseguys (members of the Mafia) cooperated with truckers in "give-ups." A driver would take a coffee break and leave his keys in the ignition. By the time he'd reported the disappearance of his truck to the police, a $200,000 haul was already being unloaded in a co-operative warehouse. Hill and the other thugs would protect the "give-up" guys when their bosses tried to fire them. The glee in his voice is evident as Hill relates the specifics: how he and his pals disarmed alarms and copied addresses off the licenses of drivers lest they be tempted to testify against the gangsters.

As in compulsive gambling, there is a thrill that racketeers seem to derive from stealing that far outstrips their greed. Though clearly in its grip himself, Hill exhibits a remarkable understanding of this criminal psychology. Early in the book, he relates how his mentor, Paul Vario, though a multimillionaire, loved few things so much as old-fashioned credit card fraud:

> The fact that a guy like Paul Vario, a capo in the Lucchese crime family, would even consider going out on a social occasion with his wife and run the risk of getting caught using a stolen card might surprise some people. But if you knew wiseguys you would know right away that the best part of the night for Paulie came from the fact that he was getting over on somebody. It wasn't the music or the floor show or the food—and he loved food—or even that he was going out with Phyllis, who he adored. The real thrill of the night for Paulie, his biggest pleasure, was that he was robbing someone and getting away with it.

The book contains other brilliant vignettes of crime fetishists: some who like to shoot, others who love to con, and still others whose greatest joy in life is threatening and terrorizing innocents.

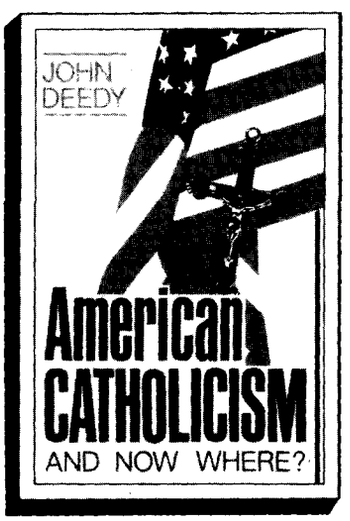
Perhaps the most hair-raising stories in the book have to do with the complicity of police and prison officials. Hill learned that if you get caught, things can usually be fixed. Lawyers can keep you out on bond. Testimony and evidence can be tampered with. And if you actually have to go to trial, it is possible to fix the jury. "Everybody reaches the jury," Hill says:

> During jury selection for instance, your lawyer can find out anything he wants to know about a juror—where he works, lives, family status. . . . The "where he works" is what interested me mostly. Where a guy works means his job, and that always means the unions, and that's the easiest place to make the reach.

When Hill was finally convicted of extortion and handed a ten-year sentence in 1972, he found that buying the guards could make jail a reasonably pleasant place. How tough was it? For a few hundred dollars a week, the occupants of the "honor dorm" at Lewisburg could get all the steaks and scotch they wanted. Contrary to myth, though, mobsters do not take care of each other's wives when their buddies get sent to jail; Hill's wife, Karen, had to supply his contraband business from the outside to support herself during his six-year term.

It was through prison smuggling that Hill was first introduced to drugs. When he arrived at Lewisburg, he had never rolled a joint. But ever the entrepreneur,

WHERE TO NOW?



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Hill was soon running a pot, coke, and pills franchise inside the prison. He knew this was in strict violation of family rules, and that Vario would be furious; his patron would forgive anything but dope. He had outlawed drugs in his gang, not for moral reasons but because drugs draw heat. Since the world of narcotics trafficking is filled with informers, it is anathema to a closed network of men of honor. As Pileggi puts it, "There are no stand-up guys in the drug trade. It is a multibillion-dollar business in which it is understood that everyone is ratting out everyone else." Like Aniello Dellacroce and John Gotti, Vario knew that it means the end of the old way of doing business, of trusting your friends, of *omerta*.

As soon as he was sprung in 1978, Hill set up a heroin and cocaine dealership at his home in Rockville Centre, Long Island. He was soon selling eight kilos of cocaine a week and using a lot of the stuff himself. It was drug dealing, not his involvement in the sensational $6 million Lufthansa heist, that resulted in his getting busted and agreeing to testify. It was through one of his couriers, someone outside of the clan, that local police obtained a wiretap, and thereby the evidence to turn Hill into an informer himself.

BECAUSE HE'D been using drugs, Vario cut Hill loose. Because his fellow wiseguys had marked him for a hit, Hill asked to stay in prison. Faced with 25 years on a narcotics conspiracy charge, he made a deal with the FBI and entered the Federal Witness Protection Program. This is how the Mafia is being destroyed from within. Hill told the police everything he knew and testified against dozens of his former associates, including his godfather Vario, whom he sent to prison.

Pileggi brings his vivid portrait to a tidy close with a snapshot of Hill and his wife living in a $150,000 neocolonial house "somewhere in America," getting $1,500 a month for his testimony: "the ultimate wiseguy." Unfortunately, that wasn't exactly true by the time Pileggi's book was published. Hill was tossed out of the Witness Protection Program in 1984. Like many of the 4,400 other participants, he simply used his new identity to go on breaking the law. Pileggi is a crime buff, not a policy head, so it's not surprising that he ignores problems of this kind. Yet some analysis is called for. Pileggi merely attempts to let the facts speak for themselves; but sometimes

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they don't. He should have placed his story in local, national, or international perspective.

THE ANALYTICAL and historical context missing from *Wiseguy* is supplied by Pino Arlacchi's most recent book on the Sicilian and Calabrian Mafia, *Mafia Business*. A left-wing sociologist who teaches at the University of Calabria and serves on Italy's anti-Mafia commission, Arlacchi is perhaps the world's foremost expert on the subject. Although he is often quoted in the papers as a kind of Mafiologist, explaining the effect of prosecutions on the political power of the Mafia, his scholarly work involves far less colorful social and economic analysis.

Arlacchi argues that there has never been "any secret, hierarchical, and centralized criminal organization called the Mafia." He sees the Mafia as a type of behavior, not a membership organization. The traditional Mafioso was a man who won honor by performing successful acts of aggression, primarily to avenge insults and injuries. The ethic of the classic Mafioso era, which Arlacchi identifies as the period between 1860 and 1950, found symbolic expression in the game of *passatella*, in which men of honor competed for control of a given resource, like food or beer. Arlacchi observes that "as the game proceeded, its ruthless and dramatic character often transformed it into a real struggle for supremacy, with fights, wounding, and murder." The classic Mafioso functioned as a pacifier as well as a predator, suppressing non-conformist behavior and mediating disputes.

But the Mafioso's function changed fundamentally around 1950. Wealth alone, rather than the traditional Mafia enterprises, began to confer honor and respect, reflecting deeper changes in Italian society. Throughout the 1950s and '60s, crimes of honor, most notably murder, declined precipitously. In Arlacchi's Weberian language, this constitutes a "crisis in legitimation." The Mafiosi didn't fit in anymore and lost much of the prestige that had always been accorded them. "During the '60s," Arlacchi writes, "the Mafioso's role was becoming more and more nearly that of a mere common criminal, a modern urban gangster who had neither popular roots nor popular backing, occasionally supported, sometimes tolerated, and sometimes repressed by the authorities." Thus "marginalized," the Mafia began to look for new ways to make money in construction, credit, commerce, and politics.

It is Arlacchi's forceful thesis that a new Mafia re-emerged in the 1970s: an entrepreneurial Mafia. Having lost their place in society, and thereby their traditional means of legitimation, Mafiosi tried to gain status by the only measure left open to them, capital accumulation. Mafia violence reasserted itself when the state "lost its monopoly on violence" during the great wave of terrorism in the 1970s. Men of honor began to apply their methods of the pre-1950 period to their new forms of money-making. Thus Mafia enterprise, the mixture of entrepreneurial innovation with Mafia methods, was born. Arlacchi identifies the competitive advantages a Mafia enterprise has over a non-Mafia firm. Through intimidation, it discourages competitors, holds down the wages of its employees, and gains immediate access to new financial capital.

ARLACCHI'S analysis may be profitably applied to the American scene, though the transformation of the American Mafia has been less stark. The American Mafia was in fact entrepreneurial long before the Italian. It innovated in areas such as labor racketeering before its cousin. Today we see a similar tendency to dominate certain sectors of the economy, such as trash haulage and construction, rather than an impulse to control geographic turf. A recently publicized report by New York's Organized Crime Task Force shows what everybody knew anyway, that New York City's construction industry is dominated by and cooperates with the Mafia. But most of the American Mafia's money remains in the illegal economy. By contrast, Italian gangsters have made so much that they must look for outlets in the legal sector. Arlacchi notes that this makes the Italian Mafia an ally of legitimate businesses, which in turn like the Mafia because it can supply goods and services to them at a lower cost.

But in his chapters on heroin, Arlacchi takes a more dubious step, arguing not simply a collusion between legitimate and illegitimate business, but an underlying identity. He discusses international drug trafficking in strictly economic terms. The heroin market is "characterized by a permanent imbalance between supply and demand, favoring the suppliers and allowing them to enjoy large and assured profits." This is well taken, but the left-wing sociologist too quickly leaps to a more sweeping conclusion: to him, "the case of the Mafioso-entrepreneur clearly demonstrates that there is no automatic correspondence between entrepreneurial activity and the collective good." Arlacchi invokes Schumpeter's notion of "animal spirits" to prove that there is an aggressive, irrational element in all capital accumulation. Again, the point is well taken, but capitalism is not quite the same thing as crime. There is a fundamental difference between entrepreneurs who gun down their competitors and those who don't.

Arlacchi argues that there will be no great success in the fight against organized crime so long as we continue to attack it by traditional means. His prescription is twofold: that we attack from an international base, and that we think in terms of the underlying economic structures—banks, markets, and accumulated capital. Arlacchi has good ideas, such as seizing illegally obtained assets, which deprives criminal organizations of their reason for being, and erecting barriers between clean and dirty capital by regulating offshore banks. But these can be accomplished short of abolishing the contradictions of capitalism, or by establishing a new international financial order. In fighting crime, the cop seems rather more primary than the revolutionary.

UNLIKE Arlacchi and Pileggi, James Mills hasn't learned how to write about crime without jumping out of his chair. In *The Underground Empire*, his impulse to turn out spy fiction ruins a thoroughly researched book about international narcotics trafficking. Mills spent six years traveling the world under the auspices of the Drug Enforcement Administration and studying three of its large international probes, known as "Centacs." When Mills started, the program was in danger of losing its funding. Giuliani, then a high official in the Justice Department, wanted the FBI to begin investigating drug trafficking. Centacs were also in constant competition with the regional and local offices of the DEA, which did not like to see their investigations pre-empted by a task force within the organization.

Although Mills makes a convincing case that Centacs were an effective use of funds and personnel, he fails to explain the real cause of their demise. Corrupted by unprecedented access, Mills ends up flacking for the division, presenting its losing fight to preserve its funding as the heroic struggle of devoted

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civil servants against the vindictiveness of small-minded, self-serving bureaucrats jealous of Centacs' success. The truth is grayer and less glamorous. Centacs didn't always get their man; one of the investigations Mills follows for hundreds of pages was a failure. Moreover, the procedure survives in transmuted form; narcotics trafficking organizations are still targeted by special task forces within the agency.

The mastermind of this supersecret operation was one Dennis Dayle, an aloof and mysterious spook, whose opacity Mills claims to have penetrated with great effort. The profile is a triumph of irrelevancy; Mills tells us what kind of tobacco Dayle fills his pipe with, how he prefers his Beefeater martinis, and about his inexplicable switch to scotch (on page 1,158). Mills's purpose seems to be to convey a portrait of Dayle as an enigmatic George Smiley of narcotics espionage, a spymaster puzzling over the wiles of devious enemies in a high-stakes game of chess.

Mills's portrait of the enemy is no more credible. He draws no moral distinction between a gang of non-violent hippies who import Thai Stick and murderous cocaine and heroin barons. His failure to make such rudimentary discriminations may spring from his outrageous theory that all these drug empires are connected at an invisible summit, and that ideally there need be but "one great Centac in the sky." The appeal of this notion is obvious: it would make things so much easier. But it is typical of the crude, paranoid thinking that characterizes this book. Mills argues that "the Underground Empire" is in league with the CIA and the State Department: "Without the indulgence of the U.S. Government the Underground Empire could not exist." On the other hand, he is convinced that cocaine is a left-wing conspiracy, with Panama, Nicaragua, and Cuba composing "a troika of narconations whose intentions may be not only enrichment but the undermining of American values and will."

In fact there is a genuine conflict between the so-called war on drugs and American security interests. In the case of Gen. Manuel Noriega, who profits from drug trafficking while lending a helping hand to the CIA, Mills is probably right that the dictator's occasional assistance does not excuse his malfeasance. But in discussing Peru, Bolivia, and Colombia, Mills does not even acknowledge that forcing a crackdown on official cooperation with drug dealers would destabilize the countries to the point of collapse. He writes about an international situation without the slightest sensitivity to foreign policy.

To some extent, Mills succeeds despite himself. Following agents around for 1,200 pages, we realize that George Bush's strategy of interdiction, attempting to stop drugs at the border, is doomed to fail. But Mills has blind faith that "going to the source"—sponsoring crop substitution programs and breaking up foreign narcotics organizations—will work.

There are some very good reasons why police detectives and DEA agents have had so little success thus far in breaking up foreign-based heroin and cocaine distribution networks. The Colombians, Pakistanis, Nigerians, and others who are now replacing the Italians in New York's drug trade form the kind of closed networks that Sicilians did in the 1920s. After 50 years police have finally penetrated the old Mafia, but they're starting from scratch with the new ones. They have no informants in most of these gangs; they don't speak their languages.

If the past pattern holds true—and there's every reason to believe that it will—the new gangs will decline only when the new ethnic groups begin to blend in to the larger society. Law enforcement has become more sophisticated legally and electronically. What cops and prosecutors need is sociology. They need to learn enough about our newest criminal cultures to penetrate them while they're still in their most violent stage. Assimilation is too slow a cure.

TWO STRIVINGS

Slave Culture: Nationalist Theory and the Foundations of Black America by Sterling Stuckey

(Oxford University Press, 425 pp., $27.50)

Recent decades have seen a veritable explosion of fine scholarship on slave life, from general studies of the culture of the quarters to specific studies of religion, family life, economic activity, and local circumstances. Yet almost all the authors, black and white, have fallen silent on the political implications of their own work. George Rawick did draw out the black-nationalist implications of his *Sundown to Sunup*; and Robert Fogel and Stanley Engerman clearly understood that, whatever else they were doing, they were writing *Time on the Cross* as an integrationist tract. That is about as far as the major exceptions extend. And to speak bluntly, two of the most valuable of these studies—Lawrence Levine's *Black Culture and Black Consciousness* and Herbert Gutman's *The Black Family in Slavery and Freedom*—fudge their own political implications, which are nothing if not black-nationalist, notwithstanding their having been written by white integrationists.

As a consequence of this timidity, the real issues raised by the historians' debate over the meaning of the black experience in America have been obscured at the very moment that historical scholarship has been laying the groundwork for a substantial advance. With the exception of *Time on the Cross*, this body of work provides overwhelming evidence of an Afro-American culture that is at once an indissoluble part of a larger American culture and the culture of a people apart. It provides, that is, powerful support for the thesis that black Americans have constituted—in words first heard in colonial times, and especially associated with W. E. B. Du Bois—"a nation-within-a-nation." This scholarship on slave life and culture, if it is taken seriously, must be seen as a deathblow to the arrogant and nonsensical notion that black nationalism is merely the pathological response of a beleaguered people to slavery and segregation. Contemporary historiography unambiguously sustains the nationalist contention that black culture has developed, at least partially, in a manner distinct from that of white "ethnicities."

We must put to rest the integrationist interpretation according to which the black experience has been one version of the larger ethnic or immigrant experi-

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ence. Quite the contrary: it has followed an opposite path. The Irish, the Italians, and the Jews have contributed much to American culture; and they too suffered intense discrimination. Only romantics, however, would claim a distinct Irish-American, Italian-American, or even Jewish-American culture in any sense comparable to Afro-American culture. The Italians fought to force themselves into the American mainstream, and along the way they ceased to be Italians, although they retained enough of the old country's ways to help civilize American life. Essentially they have assimilated and been accepted, and have sloughed off Italian culture.

Ironically, the Afro-American experience has been distinct in being a more completely American creation—the African roots and a measure of what Sterling Stuckey calls "Africanity" notwithstanding. The black culture forged in slavery and developed in segregation emerged as a product of conditions in constant tension, richly creative as well as sickeningly destructive, with the larger American culture. Like white immigrants, blacks were steadily contributing to, and imbibing from, American life; but unlike most of those immigrants, they were simultaneously developing separately.

The evolution of black culture in this country has been distinct for more reasons than its association with slavery. Throughout our history, blacks have not been able to fight their way into the system, and not because they have not tried, or have not scored some big successes. But the white racist assaults on black people have generally been aimed precisely at the most successful and "integrated" blacks, who time and again have been driven from their advanced positions. Thus, from colonial times to the Northern emancipations of the early 19th century, many white workers sought to drive black competitors out of the skilled trades. But they could not do so while the blacks worked under the protection of slaveowners, to whom they paid part of their earnings; hence they supported abolition, and then used political pressure, and sometimes force, to effect their aim. And the long run of race riots that disgraced our cities (until the 20th century, when the most ferocious disturbances had the character of underclass risings within the black communities themselves) were in fact attacks by white mobs on "uppity niggers" who had the audacity to compete with whites, to live as the whites claimed to have wanted them to, and to have gotten the idea that they were therefore entitled to be treated like other Americans. Black politics and material life developed among a people at bay, repeatedly forced backward by violence and legal proscription.

Sterling Stuckey, a veteran historian with a special talent for the study of culture and with a black-nationalist sensibility and commitment, has set out to articulate the political meaning of black cultural history. Stuckey himself pioneered this field in the 1960s with a seminal essay, "Through the Prism of Folklore," which invoked evidence from black folklore to demonstrate the impact of African culture on black resistance to slavery and on the emergence of a vigorous black cultural life in the quarters. And in the 1970s he edited and superbly introduced *The Ideological Origins of Black Nationalism*, a collection of early black-nationalist writings. Stuckey's new book provides, as one would expect, a spirited nationalist interpretation of Afro-American cultural history. It is an interpretation of considerable originality. He brings a broad knowledge of, and a wonderful ear for, poetry, music, dance, and folklore. His opening chapter on culture, an essay in itself, should not be ignored by anyone concerned with America's protracted racial crisis, and certainly not by responsible American historians.

I CANNOT do justice to Stuckey's contributions to scholarship, much less to the pleasure that awaits those who avail themselves of his subtle and nuanced readings. Instead I must risk doing him an injustice, by making a too-stark statement of his provocative thesis and by focusing on a feature that I find mischievous.

For Stuckey, the slaves' greatest achievement was the creation of an Afro-American culture that arose in the quarters and that provided the foundations for a black national identity. And pride of place among those foundations, according to Stuckey, was the preservation of Africanity. The thesis is essentially correct. But it is not wholly correct—and therein lies a difficulty of massive proportions. Stuckey wants the black experience to be African at its core. Despite his excellent demonstration of the persistence of African roots, however, the evidence does not support so sweeping a conclusion. Stuckey overestimates, for instance, the importance of African religion in the quarters; and he underestimates the importance of Christianity by slighting the extent to which the slaves, rather than spurning it, reshaped Christian doctrine.

Blacks have been thoroughly American since colonial times. True, they have also been a unique people, without analogy in America; but by slighting the American dimension of Afro-American history, Stuckey slides dangerously close to a static concept of cul-

IN PRAISE OF DARKNESS

Here, behind this attic door is Borges,
waiting in a straight chair, bound there
by thin wire and by rags. Soon you will
ask him the questions again, and soon

he will say his answers, his insane
and foolish words, smiling as if he had said
enough, as if he had answered what you've asked.
And you will hit him again, and split

his skin; you'll invent pain and slowly
let him know what it is you've made.
But, as before, nothing will have changed.
If he speaks at all he'll only say his

nonsense to the air until you must
hit again to make him stop. So you
come to hate the hand that pulls open
the attic door, that gives you Borges,

waiting in a straight chair, looking out
from the corner of an attic room. There is
a wash of light from the window, and it warms
his face, his arms; he feels it pouring

through the neat, dark suit he wears.
You believe he is mad. He is too old
for this and nearly blind, and the light
on his face makes him beautiful.

When you enter the room, he sees
an angel enter; he turns his head
toward your noise, his face expectant.
You have never been so loved.

SCOTT CAIRNS

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ture that he would be the last to defend. Despite his disclaimers, he inadvertently comes close to treating culture as something inherited and preserved. But culture, of course, is just the opposite: an ever-changing, developing, living process.

STUCKEY PROCEEDS to assess the impact of this black culture on the thought of some of the great figures in the struggle for black liberation: David Walker, Henry Highland Garnet, Du Bois, and Paul Robeson. He takes pains to demonstrate the centrality of Africa in the thinking of these figures, and he establishes a strong case for the historical authenticity and political relevance of a black-nationalist tradition in thought and action. The chapter on Robeson shows Stuckey's prose at its best, which sometimes reaches poetry. (Stuckey is the son of the poet Emma Stuckey, whose talent has obviously rubbed off on him.)

Like most black nationalists, but probably not Robeson and certainly not Du Bois, Stuckey resists the one formulation that would make black nationalism intellectually and politically plausible. It is a paradoxical formulation: the uniqueness of the black experience in America may be accounted for precisely in terms of its Americanness. Americanness, not Africanity, is what justifies political demands for black autonomy. Again, no underestimation of Africanity need enter here. Rather, Africanity without Americanness—without Du Bois's "twoness"—reduces the black experience to a version of ethnicity, in which Pan-Africanism substitutes for discrete Irish or Italian nationality.

Black people, as I believe Stuckey would agree, have no homeland to return to, and they have no prospects for building a separate nation-state at home. They are Americans. Their struggle must inexorably pass into integrationism on the best terms available. But once Americanness and Africanity are recognized as organically linked—as, in Du Bois's words, "two strivings within one dark body"—the concept of a nation-within-a-nation emerges as that of a special people who are legitimate heirs to everything America has to offer, and yet a people with what de Gaulle called "a national personality" of their own. From that perspective, which Stuckey unwisely and weakly criticizes in his discussion of Du Bois, blacks have had to struggle within a constitutional order that has proved unable to accommodate the claims of a people to equal status under the law and simultaneously their claims to a wide measure of political autonomy in their own communities.

The black-power movement of the 1960s and early 1970s, despite a good deal of posturing and incoherence, grasped the point intuitively—or better, in consequence of its action as a mass movement that espoused black nationalism and yet avoided as impractical the question of a separate national state. In effect, it groped along the path that Du Bois had charted by fighting for community autonomy ("nation-building") within the larger American nation. That path combined the viable elements of separatism and integrationism. It recognized that blacks could not separate themselves territorially, and especially not economically, from whites, but had to participate fully in the restructuring of American society. And it also recognized that their unique qualities as a people required new measures of political and social autonomy. The movement, or at least its most coherent elements, recognized that a separate black economy was a will-o'-the-wisp and that blacks had to participate at all levels in a broadly reconstructed and basically socialist American economy. Simultaneously, it called not only for black control of black communities, but for new political arrangements to protect the interests of a national minority with a unique identity.

The truth is that every attempt to understand the black experience in America by analogy—as a national question, a class question, a colonial question, an ethnic question—has failed. Stuckey, like the rest of us, has fallen victim to an inadequate political language. We simply have no language in which to describe a condition without precedent or peer. If I am right, we may expect future upsurges in the black movement to eschew nationalist rhetoric, while incorporating much of the "nationalist" ideology that Stuckey has so ably contributed to legitimizing and articulating. And we may expect the black movement to take a superficially integrationist stance, and to invoke much integrationist rhetoric, while being compelled to fight for a degree of autonomy that no straightforward integrationism could sustain. In any case, white pundits throughout American history have declared black nationalism to be a passing fad or a dead thing, only to be shaken awake when it had risen again. Black nationalism in America runs deep. It has proven impossible to destroy. As the pundits sing their songs, those Americans who do not wish to be caught by surprise one more time would do well to read and ponder Stuckey's illuminating if problematic book.

EUGENE D. GENOVESE

Eugene D. Genovese, author of *Roll, Jordan, Roll: The World the Slaves Made* (Pantheon), is currently working, with Elizabeth Fox-Genovese, on a study of the life and thought of the Southern slaveholders, which will be published by W. W. Norton.

ANOTHER SONG

Most mornings I wake up slowly. That's just
the way I am. I wake up slow as I can, listening first
to one thing, then another. The milk bottles chiming
just outside the door, then the milktruck idling in the street.
If I'm lucky, the girl through the wall will be singing
and I'll hear her next, singing while she dresses. Maybe
she's brushing her hair, or tying the ribbon for her stocking.
That would be nice. And out in the hall, some man will
probably kiss Miss Weitz good-bye again—yes, I believe
those are their lowered voices now, and that is his cough.
Others are coming out now, their doors opening and closing so
variously, too many to sort out. Why sort them out? And now
the factory whistle is telling the night shift that enough is enough.
Now I hear myself humming along, joining in this little chorus
of good intentions. When everything is ready, I'll go out.

SCOTT CAIRNS

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STAGESTRUCK

Ellen Terry: Player in Her Time
by Nina Auerbach

(W. W. Norton, 504 pp., $22.50)

If you mean to have a best-selling biography written about yourself, you need not worry too much about great achievements. The best plan is to write elegant, stylish letters, know plenty of famous people, and have a colorful private life. If you can cultivate some sexual abnormalities, so much the better, but a string of lovers will do almost as well. This is what might be called the Michael Holroyd principle, exemplified in that author's life of Lytton Strachey.

Ellen Terry fails only the first of these tests: her letters, lavishly quoted by Nina Auerbach, are certainly spunky, but they are also clumsy, sometimes almost inarticulate, and so thick with single, double, and triple underlinings as to make Queen Victoria's epistolary style seem classically restrained. But her life was full of drama and incident; at least its first half was.

She was born in 1847 into a theatrical family (the dynastic tradition continues: Sir John Gielgud is her great-nephew), went on the stage as a child, and retired for the first time even before she was fully grown up, on her marriage to the painter George Frederic Watts. The groom was 46 years old, the bride just short of 18. It was thought a bizarre match even at the time, and it lasted only a few months; it appears that it was Watts who sent her away, flustered by her "excitability," and not, as one might expect, she who fled from him.

A little later she began her liaison with the architect and designer Edward William Godwin. They were unable to marry, as she was not yet divorced from Watts, but he fathered her two children, Edith Craig and Edward Gordon Craig, to whom Auerbach gives considerable attention. Edy, who looked after Terry in her last years, became part of a dim lesbian coterie whose members produced second-rate theater, painted daubs, or wrote bad novels. Teddy, at one time Isadora Duncan's lover, became famous as a guru of modernism in theater production, and died in 1966, aged 94.

After a few years Godwin and Terry parted, by which time she had returned to the stage. In 1878 she appeared for the first time at Henry Irving's Lyceum Theatre, and she was to stay there for 20 years, becoming England's best loved and most admired actress. Her later life was melancholy. Before she was 50 she was starting to forget her lines on stage, and when the Lyceum folded, she had difficulty finding parts to suit her. She was married twice more, each time to a second-rate actor; neither marriage lasted long. She retired to a house on the Romney Marshes, where her promiscuous and philoprogenitive son dumped his children and mistresses on her. In her 60s she suffered a nervous breakdown, and for the last dozen years of her life she was half-blind. Meanwhile she had become a national monument, and she died a Dame of the British Empire.

And she had known famous people, sure enough. Not only had she moved in varied circles, but at times she had inhabited the spaces where those circles overlapped. As London's Regent Street separates Mayfair from Soho without quite having the character of either, so Watts seems to stand at the frontier between bohemia and the establishment, remaining nonetheless a lonely figure. His cloudy, allegorical canvases can be seen as old-fashioned or proto-modern; he was a grand old man in the eyes of the middlebrow public, receiving the Order of Merit and declining a baronetcy, but he was also caught up on the fringes of progressive aestheticism, joining the Anti-Tight Lacing Society, seeking to free women from bondage to the corset.

Godwin was another sworn enemy of the corset, but his milieu was quite different. Indeed, his short career moved from high Victorianism to modernism: beginning as a conventional Gothic Revival architect, he turned to radical design that dispensed with historical style almost entirely. His life with Terry was the aesthetic dream of Pater, Wilde, and Moore brought to life. In their house in Taviton Street, Bloomsbury, (about which Auerbach says almost nothing) the walls were white; the hangings were of a gray-blue Japanese pattern echoed in the cushions lying on the wicker chairs. In the center of the room was a cast of the Venus de Milo, before which stood a censer whence issued a few ribbons of blue, curling smoke. Here again aestheticism shades into modernism, but also into cultivated middle-class taste, for many of Godwin's ideas about interior decoration anticipate Edwardian style 20 years before Edward came to the throne. In the last year of his life Godwin created a sensation with his brilliant production of the pseudo-Greek drama *Helena in Troas*: the audience included the Prince of Wales, who came to the first performance, and Oscar Wilde, who persuaded his wife to appear in a minor role—representatives of two different styles of rakishness.

To understand how these various milieus related to one another would be to understand a great deal about Victorian society; but Auerbach's interests lie elsewhere. She is a strange mixture of the gushing schoolgirl and the portentous professor. "Ellen Terry seemed to shed her extravagant generosity over this book as I was writing it," she begins, and she always knows exactly what is going on in her heroine's mind. "Her brown Holman Hunt wedding dress taught her that she personified woman's holy sadness," "Sarah Terry [her mother] had never been real to her," and so on. It soon becomes plain that there is no evidence at all for most of this. What we get is essentially the "We can well imagine how young Will Shakespeare felt when he first saw London town" school of biography, with the manner of academic lit crit laid as a veneer over the top.

There is remarkably little information in the book, given its length, and Auerbach's inability to give any sort of clear narrative is maddening. Most of the time we have no chance to test her assertions; when we can, she does not inspire confidence. An analysis of Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar*, dragged in irrelevantly, displays a strange misunderstanding of that not very difficult poem. A photograph of Terry when she was married to Watts, taken by Julia Margaret Cameron, is alleged to symbolize the oppressiveness of Victorian marriage: "her wedding ring prominent on the large clenched hand that knots her necklace in a self-strangling gesture." Since the photograph is reprinted in the book, we can see for ourselves that all of this is false. The hand is not clenched but very slightly bent; the necklace is not knotted. Far from strangling herself, she is holding the front of the necklace with a light downward pressure, away from the

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neck; it is the right hand that is visible, so the wedding ring does not come into the picture. This is typical of a book in which every picture, every letter is overinterpreted, often grotesquely so.

Judged as a work of fantasy, the book is not a success. It is exhaustingly melodramatic; everyone, not Terry alone, is constantly full of anger, rage, fury, terror. The habit of overwriting can be illustrated by small examples. Audrey Campbell understudies Terry, but Auerbach cannot leave it at that: "As Edy did offstage, she played Ellen Terry's double; it was her job to become the actress at need." Terry writes a letter to a schoolmaster about her troublesome son; naturally, it is sensible and businesslike, not the sort of scrawl that she sent to her friends. But Auerbach fabricates a psychological drama:

> The flourishes, the idiosyncratic emphases and marks of punctuation that became seismographic equivalents of her speaking voice, are abandoned before the authoritative educator to whom she has given her boy. She masks herself out of fear of what he will see, in herself as well as Teddy.

Much of this book is simply the higher twaddle. The reader can choose whether to regard what is said as untrue or merely without meaning: "Her husband had had little to say to her, but he painted her into her future. Her marriage in art gave birth to the woman audiences would love." "But Watts had married a real girl. With all the new, ephemeral tenderness she aroused in him, he created the woman her later lovers would distill into the dawn." "When Ellen Terry fled to the country, she lived the longings of her audience, becoming the women in poetry and fiction whose dangerous passions they had shared." "An attentive student of 19th-century avenues to holiness, she did let the night change her." Endlessly repeated across 450 prolix pages, such stuff becomes wearisome in the extreme. It is like wading through treacle: added to the heavy prose, clogged with adjectives, is the sentimentality of a mawkish mind.

The main idea seems to be that the whole of an actor's life is an act, a series of parts to be played. It seems a banal and schematic view in itself; certainly Auerbach does not make it convincing. Sometimes it produces vulgarity—on Terry's last sight of Henry Irving: "She visited his Wolverhampton hotel to play what both knew was a deathbed scene." Of course, there is no reason to believe that Terry took farewell of her old partner in this posturing, self-regarding spirit. Sometimes Auerbach is led into obvious error. Ellen's memoirs record an encounter with Gladstone: "piercing dark eyes," "like a volcano at rest," "glimpse of the red-hot crater beneath," and so on. Auerbach comments, "Ellen Terry's own metaphor upstages the great man." This is plainly wrong, in the first place because the metaphor expresses awe, not the wish to belittle; in the second, because it is so conventional. Everyone wrote of Mr. G. in that way, especially perhaps the ladies; one can compare Mrs. Humphry Ward's account of seeing him in an ill-lit room, his eagle eyes piercing the gloom as he enunciated his two missions in life, to pacify Ireland and to prove the connection of Homer with Holy Writ. (Incidentally, Auerbach's claim that Terry and Irving "entertained a properly awed Gladstone and Disraeli backstage" at the Lyceum makes one lift the eyebrows for more than one reason.)

In the end there is something poor-spirited about Auerbach's theatrical metaphor: Terry is allowed no warmth, no genuine emotions. She went off with Godwin in order to create a new role for herself, we are told. But perhaps she was in love with the man. Why did she flirt

Twenty years ago they condemned America's democracy as a sham and dismissed its enemies as figments of cold war paranoia. Today they recognize that America's enemies are real and that America's democracy must be defended.

On the weekend of October 16–18, 1987 a group of former leftists, radicals and self-styled revolutionaries will meet in Washington at the **Second Thoughts Conference** to discuss the personal and political journeys that have taken them far from the way they were in the 1960s. They meet to reexamine the assumptions of the New Left and to consider how those assumptions have been inserted, with destructive results, into the national dialogue, and particularly in regard to the struggle against totalitarian forces in Central America.

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with Frank Cooper and marry James Carew? In both cases, according to Auerbach, it was to parody her daughter's puppy loves, to hurt her, to flaunt her power. But why should she not have been lonely, or sexually attracted? Auerbach quotes a long letter from Terry to her reprobate son, which she describes as a "gorgeous symphony of rage," "perhaps . . . Ellen Terry's most complete performance." It is nothing of the kind. Without a doubt it is a record of acute distress, but pathetic and incoherent; certainly not a "performance," still less a manifesto "on behalf . . . of all women," as Auerbach claims. The nadir of this arty, heartless approach comes when Auerbach suggests (twice) that Terry deliberately brought on her blindness because she was weary with having seen too much. One must have lost all sense of how human beings feel to suppose that anyone not wholly deranged could seek to bring this dreadful affliction on herself.

And there is a spatter of mistakes. Keir Hardie and Elizabeth Siddal are misspelled. Victoria was not newly empress of India at her Diamond Jubilee; she had been that for over 20 years. Degas's first name is Edgar, not Edward. Auerbach conflates Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema with his daughter, and Dickens's Mrs. Dombey with hers. *Helena in Troas* is not by Sophocles but by John Todhunter, a lesser genius. These slips do not much matter in themselves, though the last suggests a lack of curiosity: if Auerbach had read far in the works that she cites, surely she would have discovered her mistakes.

It is perhaps incuriousness, above all, that is at the root of this book's faults. Auerbach does not want to find out about Terry, to submit herself to the evidence, but to smother her subject in her own verbiage. She writes of Christopher St. John (née Christabel Marshall), editor of Terry's memoirs and her daughter Edith's lover, "Earnest, abstract, and often lumbering, her own prose is in a different voice from the mercurial, often stinging style of the woman whose literary henchman she became." That seems a bit hard on the woman, if the extracts quoted are a fair sample, but it can serve as a judgment on this volume.

RICHARD JENKYNS

Richard Jenkyns is the author of *The Victorians and Ancient Greece* (Harvard University Press).

ABROAD AT HOME

American Yiddish Poetry: A Bilingual Anthology edited and translated by Benjamin and Barbara Harshav

(University of California Press, 813 pp., $55)

The first thing to be said about this big, expensive book, with its bilingual text, large typeface, and handsome illustrations and graphic design, is that it is a pleasure to look at and (though heavy) to hold. From a volume on Picasso or colonial architecture one might expect as much; but with a subject as seemingly unsuited to the coffee table as American Yiddish poetry, such tasteful attention to appearance is a surprise. If reading poetry is an aesthetic experience, so in this case is the book in which it is read.

American Yiddish Poetry is an unusual anthology in another sense too, namely, that rather than give a maximum of poets a minimum of space according to a parsimonious rate of exchange, Benjamin and Barbara Harshav have done the opposite. There are only seven poets in this book and none of them is shortchanged. Of course this approach has its drawbacks: the fewer names that go into an anthology, the more are omitted, and the more debatable some of the choices become. There can be no argument about Jacob Glatshteyn, A. Leyeles, Moyshe-Leyb Halpern, or H. Leivik: they belong in any collection of Yiddish poetry, no matter how exclusive. But if exclusivity is the point, why the sensitive but small voice of J. L. Teller and not the fuller-throated register of Mani Leib, whose unfortunate overfecundity is all the more reason for anthologizing the best of him? Why the sometimes plodding Berysh Vaynshtayn rather than the witty and urbane Zisha Landau? Why, if the presence of a woman poet was deemed essential, Malka Heifetz-Tussman and not Anna Margolin, *il miglior fabbro*? Someone is bound to be left out of any anthology, but several of the omissions in this one seem at first glance difficult to explain.

I say at first glance, because there is in fact a consistent principle of selection at work, though it is not a purely aesthetic one. In speaking of "American Yiddish poetry," as the Harshavs make clear in an informative if sometimes rambling introduction, they are referring not to a geolinguistic fact but to a literary conception: that is, to a body of poetry they deem to be distinctly a product of America, rather than merely written in America by Jewish immigrants from Eastern Europe. The Yiddish poetry they are interested in, they observe, is a "truly American literature . . . as American as anything written in English in that period." Their anthology has the dual purpose of demonstrating that such "an unjustly neglected branch of American literature" exists and of restoring it in translation to its English context, thereby rescuing it from the "yellowing, crumbling books . . . the muteness of its own dead language" in which it has been "entombed."

This conception explains the Harshavs' preference for some American Yiddish poets over others, especially for the programmatic modernism of the *In Zikh* or "Introspectivist" group founded in New York by Glatshteyn and Leyeles in 1920, a movement with which Teller and Heifetz-Tussman were subsequently also associated. Not that Yiddish poets like Mani Leib and Anna Margolin didn't write about America too. Both produced some fine cityscapes of New York, and a poem like Margolin's "The Gangster," a gem of a sketch of a Lower East Side tough, could hardly have been conceived elsewhere. But a wistful longing for the Old World informs their work more than their bashful embrace of the New, and their conservative lyricism is influenced by European models rather than by Whitman, Pound, or Crane.

"Americanness," for the Harshavs, implies an active identification with the American experience and its native poetic tradition. One need only compare the emotional distance and formal prosody of "The Gangster," whose

> shoulder twitches shruggingly but sharp
> Down toward the pocket where a knife is stashed away,
> The street before him like a golden harp
> On which wild, itching fingers long to play

with the empathic free verse of Glatshteyn's "Sheeny Mike," a street-corner elegy for a murdered Jewish hoodlum "mourned by a kingdom of twelve blocks / And by his mama's wig and his papa's old beard," to see that the dif-

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ference is real.

In any case, there is a lot of excellent poetry in this book. Particularly impressive are Glatshteyn and Moyshe-Leyb Halpern, who emerge as major 20th-century poets by any international standard. Glatshteyn is a poet of a great, if elliptical, intelligence, catlike in its sudden but smooth leaps. Take his little poem "Jewish Kingdoms," written in the 1920s as a farewell to the world of Eastern Europe he had left a decade earlier:

Konskiwolie, Mazelbozec, Korznice,
Liewertow, Pulawa, Bechewe,
Glisk, Piusk, Szabeszin—
Names of Polish towns, the devil knows why
They float up in my memory like dry leaves in a bath
When I was a fat little brat
I knew that a voyage there
Smelled of a coach, a carriage, a squeaking wagon
Carrying warm maids to new places.
I saw all the towns as Jewish kingdoms,
Where Yom Kippur lays its fear
Even on goyish huts,
Where crosses hang on the walls
As amulets against the Jewish god.

I would give a wealth of poverty
If I could still long for that.

One has to read these lines more than once to see how their scattered images are in fact the stepping stones of a single complex thought.

On the other hand, the poems of Halpern, the enfant terrible of American Yiddish literature, weave and punch pugilistically. The only poet in this collection to use meter and rhyme consistently, he plays the brawler, the mocker, the bad boy, with a nose-thumbing charm, using conventional verse forms to first engage and then betray the reader's trust, a confidence man in suit and tie. Here, an amusing contrast with Glatshteyn's poem, with which it shares a thematic affinity, is the final stanza of an ode to his native Galician shtetl of Zlochov:

But the world we live in is a wonderful place
A horse and a wagon is all that it takes
To get to the station, from where, in a day,
A train fast as the Devil flies over the earth,
And arrives at a ship with a third-class berth
That carries you off to East Broadway.
And in fact, the one comfort I'll have when I die
Is not being buried beneath your damn sky,
My home, my Zlochov.

It is indeed not entirely obvious why poets like Glatshteyn and Halpern, who arrived in the United States at the ages of 18 and 22 respectively, and who seemed emotionally quite able to turn their backs on Eastern Europe, chose to go on writing in Yiddish, a language that clearly had no future in America even then. Though immigrant (as opposed to colonial) literatures are, in general, exceedingly rare in literary history, Yiddish in America is the great exception.

THERE ARE, it seems to me, at least two reasons. The first is the fact that, paradoxically, at the same time that Yiddish was already dying as a language in America (and, though more slowly, in Europe as well), as a literature it was still being born. Thus, serious Yiddish poetry, which hardly existed at all before the beginning of the 20th century, was undergoing a tremendous efflorescence in Eastern Europe in the period between the two world wars; and being part of this creative ferment gave the Yiddish poet a rare and intimate sense of "firstness" in America too. The American experience may have been as exhilarating for him as for many young Jewish immigrants, but as a literary medium English was less exciting than Yiddish. Writing good poetry in the latter meant instant recognition by small but extraordinary groups of writers in New York, Moscow, Warsaw, and Vilna; writing in the former meant at best becoming a footnote in a history going back to Chaucer.

Second, one can easily exaggerate—as I believe the Harshavs do in their eagerness to put forth a thesis—the "Americanness" of Yiddish writers such as the poets in this anthology. Certainly these poets saw their break with Europe as final; certainly, too, they were influenced by America, involved with it, entranced by it. Yet ultimately, in writing about it, they seem much more like outsiders looking in than like genuine belongers. Some look in angrily, like Halpern, whose left-wing politics and bitter experience with poverty made him an anti-patriot from the start. Some look in hungrily, like Berysh Vaynshteyn, with his mythicized, eroticized, Jewish alter-ego Negroes—

Harlem is sad and is like
Oriental Jerusalem:
Daughters in the last blue of their street
Wait with outstretched plates for bread
Like maidservants in the times of King Solomon

—and his poems of urban alienation:

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So many sad streets on your soil, America!
. . . In your misty nights—on avenues and squares,
One can see how lonely people can be on your soil.
Your moons at months' end rise thinner and paler
And pour their sadness onto faces, onto drunken bodies.

Some look in with a pensive acknowledgment of their otherness, as does H. Leivik:

For forty-one years I have lived in your borders, America,
. . . . . .
Often I sought a way
To tear down the curtain covering my own heart,
To be open, intimate with you, America, at least half
As intimate as I am with the little cemetery in small Ihumen,
Where my father-mother rest, passed away in those far-off days,
. . . of World War One, before the flood.

None appears to be comfortably at home.

Furthermore, if the overall tendency was for the immigrant Jew to become more acculturated the longer he lived in America, the opposite was true of the Yiddish poets. As they saw the use of Yiddish declining steadily around them, and as Hitlerism flung first its shadow and then its death-net over the Jews of Europe, their sense of foreignness and guilt increased, and thematically they began a return to the Old World *Yiddishkeit* they had largely put behind them. The best example of this is Glatshteyn. It is dramatic now, and must have been even more so at the time, to see the author of a poem like "Jewish Kingdoms" write in 1938:

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Good night, wide world.
Big, stinking world.
Not you, but I, slam the gate.
In my long robe
With my flaming, yellow patch,
With my proud gait,
At my own command—
I return to the ghetto.
Wipe out, stamp out all the alien traces.
I grovel in your dirt,
Hail, hail, hail,
Humpbacked Jewish life.
A ban, world, on your unclean cultures.
Though all is desolate,
I roll in your dust,
Gloomy Jewish life.

Piggish German, hostile Polack,
Sly Amalek, land of guzzling and gorging.
Flabby democracy, with your cold
Compresses of sympathy.
Good night, world of electrical insolence.
Back to my kerosene, tallowy shadow,
Eternal October, wee little stars,
To my crooked alleys, hunchbacked street-lamp
My stray pages, My Twenty-Four-Books,
My Talmud, to the puzzling
Questions, to the bright Hebrew-Yiddish,
To Law, to deep meaning, to duty, to right
World, I stride with joy to the quiet ghetto-light.

In the years after World War II Glatshteyn wrote some remarkable poems about the Holocaust, several in the Jewish tradition of anti-theodicy that is as old as Abraham, Moses, and Job.

DOES IT really make any sense to refer to all this as "a branch of American literature"? One can argue—perhaps not pointlessly—whether Kafka, Babel, or Schulz is essentially Jewish, or German, Russian, or Polish. But when an entire body of poetry is not only suffused with Jewish symbols, Jewish references, Jewish attitudes, but is written out of choice in a Jewish language that non-Jews cannot understand, where is the logic in assigning it to a non-Jewish literature? True, it can be claimed that some poets in America wrote in Yiddish not as a matter of Jewishness but simply because it was their mother tongue, it being an intolerable sacrifice of experience for a writer to compose in an acquired language. But not only are there such famous cases of second-language authorship as Conrad, Nabokov, and Beckett, there is the more relevant refutation in the example of first-rate Hebrew poets like Yehuda Amichai and Dan Pagis, who arrived in Palestine as adolescents with no knowledge of Hebrew to speak of. American Yiddish poets wrote in Yiddish because they wrote as Jews, and the literature they belong to is Jewish. There is indeed such a thing, and the literary taxonomists, especially when they are Jewishly erudite themselves, should know it.

TRANSLATING poetry is difficult; translating rhymed and metrical poetry is notoriously so, because the translator is operating within extremely strict limits that allow him little room for to maneuver. Anyone who remembers those once-popular little games in which, beneath a plastic cover, you had to pilot four tiny metal balls through a maze of concentric circles and into a small inner cup, will know what translating an *abab* quatrain is like. The first two balls were fairly easy; even the third was doable; but the fourth was a torment, because every time you finally got it into the cup, one of the other balls, now perilously near the rim, rolled out again. So it is with formal verse. If at last you've managed to get all the rhymes, you suddenly find you've lost the meter; go after the meter, and the meaning gets away; make sure you have the meter and the meaning, and there's a rhyme missing again; succeed, with great effort, in restoring the rhyme, and now the syntax has gone to hell. It's no wonder some translators insist it's impossible and a waste of time even to try.

I myself am not of this opinion, but needless to say the Harshavs do better in their translations of free verse, which fortunately make up the bulk of this volume. Though one can pick a bone with this or that rendition, they generally arrive at a readable outcome. When dealing with more formal poetry, on the other hand, they tend either to wind up with fewer than four balls in the cup or to throw up their hands entirely. The chief loser is Halpern, whose poems don't work without their formal accoutrements. Take the Harshavs' version of the stanza given above in my own translation:

But our world is full of wonders.
A horse and a cart over the fields
Will carry you out to a railway train,
Which flies like a demon over the fields
Till it brings you to a ship with a lower deck
Which takes you away to Newyorkdowntown—
And this, indeed, is my only consolation
That they will not bury me in you—
My home, my Zlochov.

The words are still there, but the strut and the cunning are gone. It isn't that the Harshavs don't have a good ear for poetry. What they lack as translators is

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the imagination and chutzpah that Halpern himself had plenty of. Without these qualities some translations just never take off.

The many illustrations in this book, black-and-white reproductions of paintings, prints, and sketches by such New York Jewish artists as Raphael Soyer, Joseph Foshku, Max Weber, Ben Shahn, Louis Lozowick, Chaim Gross, and Abraham Walkowitz, have been beautifully chosen and presented. They rarely seem like direct accompaniments to the text, but with their streets, buildings, cafés, elevated train lines, and faces of the 1920s and '30s they give the reader a slender hint of what the world of American Yiddish poets was like.

In addition, *American Yiddish Poetry* has an appendix containing excerpts from Leyeles's and Glatshteyn's essays on Introspectivism, with its creed of vers libre and chains of private, associational imagery, mostly written in the 1920s. These have historical interest, but little more. Leyeles's contributions suffer from a crude dogmatism and Glatshteyn's, though subtler, are marred by a youthful lack of generosity—as in his attacks on the traditionalism of Mani Leib—that he must later have come to regret. As usual, however, poetry had the last word. In the 1920s, clearly with Glatshteyn and the Introspectivists in mind, Mani Leib wrote "Those Who Come After Us":

The poets who come after us—young colts without traces
In the gay meadows, tails flaunted against a blue sky.
Blood and milk in their eyes, they streak across open spaces,
Pawing diamonds up out of the dirt as they go racing by

And we are the loaded-down old nags of summer, still hauling
Our gold to the shade of the barn, the dark earth's yellow wheat
And when the moon-swallowing night in shadow of sunblaze has fallen,
Your lips will greedily seek the blue milk from our teat.

HILLEL HALKIN

Hillel Halkin has recently translated Sholem Aleichem's *Tevye the Dairyman and the Railroad Stories* (Schocken).

STAR TURNER

J. M. W. Turner: A Wonderful Range of Mind by John Gage

(Yale University Press, 264 pp., $39.95)

Turner in his Time by Andrew Hilton

(Abrams, 256 pp., $49.50)

Turner in the South: Rome, Naples, Florence by Cecilia Powell

(Yale University Press, 224 pp., $35)

Turner's reputation as an artist probably has never been higher than it is right now. The new Turner wing of the Tate Gallery in London, called the Clore Gallery, has recently opened, more than 130 years late, to display much of Turner's huge bequest according to his will. Martin Butlin and Evelyn Joll's two-volume catalogue raisonné of the oil paintings is now in a second edition, and in paperback. (A catalogue raisonné in paperback—now there is a sign of popularity.) Exhibitions proliferate, examples on the auction market bring "superprices" (to use Joseph Alsop's term), books on both the life and the work crowd publishers' lists. There are even two periodicals devoted solely to Turner and his acolytes, *Turner Studies* and *Turner Society News*. Like Rembrandt, Van Gogh, and Picasso, Turner has become a growth industry in the art and academic worlds.

Turner was a protean figure who attracted an enormous amount of attention in his own time. From the beginning of his career until his death in 1851 (when he was somewhat out of fashion), he was acknowledged to be the greatest artist in England. For the rest of the century he was collected and admired on both sides of the Atlantic, owing not a little to Ruskin's influential drum-beating. His reputation did not decline until the advent of Cubism, when his work became rather hard to defend in the face of a new aesthetics based on geometry and the machine. Of course Turner never exactly sank into oblivion; but it was Kenneth Clark's *Landscape into Art* of 1949, and later the Museum of Modern Art in New York in a stunning exhibition and catalog prepared by Laurence Gowing (*Turner, Imagination and Reality*, 1966), that brought Turner back into the public consciousness and established his late, "abstract" work as a precursor of the art of our own time.

While Turner was trying out every conceivable style of landscape painting, other artists such as John Martin and Francis Danby were also painting Cecil B. De Mille-style apocalypses and catastrophes. Turner, his ear to the ground, followed in the footsteps of these rivals, but with extraordinary energy, and with an idiosyncratic application of color that was so persuasive and deeply felt that contemporary commentators, including Ruskin himself, made a great point of Turner's "truth to nature." Turner was theatrical and hyperbolic; but even in his late pictures he was intensely observant of real phenomena and their visual effects. In one famous case, Turner had himself lashed to a ship's mast for hours in a violent storm, and defended the amorphous painting that resulted by insisting that his critics could not have seen what he saw.

It is John Gage's thesis, however, that the privileging of the abstraction of the late paintings is a misreading of Turner's work, and a distortion of his true achievements. Gage seems to belong to the new wave of scholars whose interest in modernism has flagged, who would repeal its stress on the formal and intrinsic aspects of painting. For Gage, Turner represents something else: an intellectual, a theorist, and a deviser of iconographic riddles that must now be deciphered. His book's subtitle comes from a remark of Constable's about a dinner at

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the Royal Academy. "I sat next to Turner and opposite Mr. West and Laurence—I was a good deal entertained with Turner. I always expected to find him what I did—he is uncouth but has a wonderful range of mind."

Turner's interests were "wide-ranging," to be sure, and his attempts to give himself a classical education were admirable, if a little pathetic. (Gage even suggests that he was probably dyslexic.) His strong intellect and ambition notwithstanding, Turner's mind was a kind of shambles; his literary and poetic talents are best not judged apart from his genius as a painter. As so many of Gage's own quotations from contemporaries and earlier biographers show, Turner *was* his art. There was very little in his life that was noteworthy apart from it. It is wrong to think of him as any sort of original thinker or theorist. Turner's pessimistic, even tragic worldview was characteristic of the Romantic artist, but it was not particularly original. His ideas reflected what was generally in the air at that time; Gage's suggestion that we should concentrate on his ideas, rather than on his handling of paint, is patently absurd. As Ronald Paulson recently lamented in these pages, in a review of another book about this same period in English art: "One is reminded in a doleful way that our best literary critics at present write about critics and their theories, as art historians have long preferred to write about the words of art rather than the works."

Turner was undeniably addicted to words as well as to paint and canvas. Often he attached explanatory verses to the frames of his exhibited pictures at the Royal Academy. Gage wants us to take very seriously the meaning and the intention behind those often crude bits of doggerel, to pay strict attention to the bombastic and even ridiculous subjects that Turner used as excuses for his rhetorical and competitive entries in Regency London's artistic sweepstakes for fame and fortune. In truth Turner was almost a Vicar of Bray in his slavish attempts to follow fashion. Let a rival painter make a success at one year's academy exhibition and Turner would show a similar work the following year—only his would be larger and generally better. In his eagerness for higher levels of patronage, Turner was a master of calculation, and shameless in painting subjects that would attract the eye of the Prince Regent or others in the royal family. (He never succeeded, however, in selling to the Royal Collection, which still has no Turners.)

Throughout his early and middle career, Turner showed work in styles and on subjects imitative of, and competitive with, one Old Master—or not so old, for Turner—after another: Rembrandt, Watteau, Claude, Poussin, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Salvator Rosa. Since he was a great painter, a "genius" in the 19th-century Romantic sense, he turned some of his academic and imitative exercises into great works of art—great thanks to his powerful style, his way with paint, his extraordinary use of color. Why be ashamed of this? Why stand on one's head to avoid admitting it? These gifts and accomplishments, and these alone, are the reasons we heed and honor Turner.

Even in the abstract canvases of his late period, in the works so admired by modernists, Turner occasionally put in too much anecdotal detail, and this has the consequence of spoiling the picture, as Ruskin and Turner's other sensitive contemporaries recognized. As for the intellectual resonance of the iconography, finally what else is one to make of a subject like *Neapolitan Fisher Girls Surprised Bathing by Moonlight* except as an excuse for a poetic exercise in light and color—that special kind of Turnerian color that Kenneth Clark called a "triumph of the irrational."

Gage's attempt to make his hero into a "pompier" painter notwithstanding, his somewhat repetitious book is full of valuable information on the art world and the intellectual life of England during Turner's lifetime. Gage's account of foreign travel, of the working of the Royal Academy, and of the "uses of patronage" sheds much light on the background of Turner's art. Turner was a working-class cockney who became a member of the prestigious Royal Academy when he was only 24. In the end, he became both a recluse and a great public figure, whose last minute prodigies of rapid creation on "varnishing day" before the openings of Academy exhibitions were watched with fascination by the leading men in London. He grew very rich (for an artist) by careful control of his market, and by clever investments—rich enough that, in his late period, when his pictures were described by Hazlitt as "tinted steam" and "portraits of nothing, and very like," he no longer needed to sell, or to please anyone but himself.

S. W. PARROTT, *TURNER ON VARNISHING DAY*, c. 1846 (RUSKIN GALLERY)

Turner sought, in the curiously worded will that he probably wrote himself, to establish a national Turner museum, with his fortune going to a home for "decayed artists." The will was overturned, the money went to relatives, and the work, more than 19,000 drawings and watercolors and hundreds of oil paintings, went to the British nation, to await the next century. Ruskin, briefly one of his executors, destroyed the considerable body of pornography that Turner left—further evidence of his prodigious nature. It was only in 1939 that some of the most vaporous and personal

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of the late Turners were found rolled up in storage in the National Gallery, finally to be re-stretched and hung to the astonishment of our age. Gage persists in calling all such work "unfinished," in spite of the fact that many of the late exhibited pictures are of a similar character, like the great *Ostend* now in Munich, or the very familiar *Norham Castle*.

If Gage's chapters are elaborate program notes without which (or so he implies) one cannot understand the music, Andrew Wilton's book is an old-fashioned popular biography. The curator of the new Clore-Turner Gallery provides us with more detailed information about an essentially uneventful life than I, for one, want to know—a litany of anecdotes, genuine or spurious, an account of endless travels, the citation of dozens of paintings made in connection with such travels, sometimes on the site, more often from sketches and imagination. Turner the man peeps out of the pages occasionally, but once again hardly ever as the great painter who still holds us in thrall. Instead we are given Turner week by week, day by day, and endless quotations from Turner's rather mundane letters. Wilton has written elsewhere with eloquence and understanding about Turner's art, especially his interesting exhibition and essay on "Turner and the Sublime" in 1981. But this time he too slights the late work and makes the mistake of believing that biography holds the key to understanding this artist.

Cecilia Powell's *Turner in the South*, timed to accompany the opening of the Clore-Turner wing at the Tate, is essentially a doctoral thesis (a very fine one) expanded into a popular art book. Examining in minute detail every scrap of evidence relating to the visits that Turner made to Rome and central Italy in 1819 and 1828, Powell searched out and stood upon the very spots from which Turner sketched some of his Italian views. Good marks for a doctoral candidate, but pointless for the reader. Worse, though the experience of Italy, ancient and modern, was crucial for Turner, providing him with a fund of images and focusing his worldview on the decline of civilizations, the actual paintings that he produced as a result of each trip were far from his best. Although Powell doesn't say so, she reports the opinions of others that in some of this work, with its clumsy figures and excessive picturesqueness, Turner skirts the edges of kitsch. Still, her summing up of the complexities of Turner's responses to his experience, and her comparison with Goethe's Italian journey, is an exemplary piece of Turner criticism.

As is often the case with books about Turner, all of these have been designed by their publishers to turn serious studies into coffee-table volumes. All are running texts, interspersed with a maddening miscellany of small illustrations and plates, sometimes showing details, and often not easy to match with the proper explanations or captions. Wilton and Gage illustrate many of the same paintings (mostly the ones in British public collections), and frequently the designer of Wilton's book commits the grave sin of presenting a large detail in a color plate without also giving us the whole picture. In sum, Ruskin's successor in the interpretation of Turner has yet to appear. No doubt he or she will; for like all great artists, Turner will bear a new look in each generation.

EUGENE VICTOR THAW

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

FORGOTTEN FORTITUDE

To the editors:

The usually reliable Morton M. Kondracke ("Perseverance Pays," September 14 & 21) laments the lack of resolution on foreign policy among Democrats. Well he should. Yet he states, "The Democratic Party, by committing itself to the nuclear freeze movement (*all* the 1984 candidates endorsed it), contributed to the uncertainty about U.S. resolve." Upon further reflection, Kondracke will recall that—alone among the Democratic presidential candidates in 1984—former Florida Governor Reubin Askew vigorously opposed the nuclear freeze. Doubtless this contributed to his demise during the freeze fervor in Iowa and New Hampshire. Now that the freeze has melted away as a political issue, Askew's fortitude and foresight should not be forgotten.

JAMES BACCHUS
Orlando, Florida

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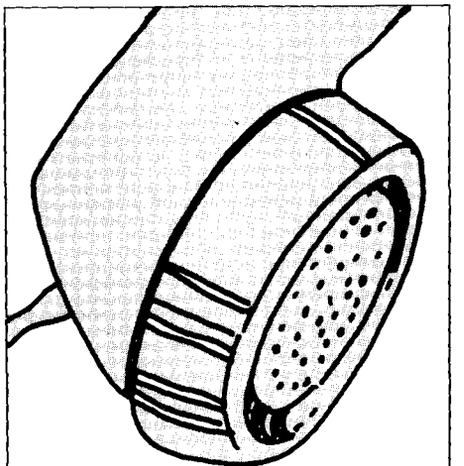

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

October

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION will be 70 at the end of the month, and it is aging badly. *Glasnost* represents the dotage of Bolshevism. Still, there's life in the old praxis yet, and the anniversary is worth commemorating. Specifically, it is worth reflecting on what precisely it is the anniversary *of*. According to the Soviet myth, October marked the end of a feudal autocracy and the beginning of a workers' democracy. I doubt that anybody in the East or the West is fooled by the latter claim anymore. But it is not sufficiently remarked that the former claim, too, is false. The end of feudal autocracy in Russia should not be commemorated in October. It should be commemorated in February. In October the Bolsheviks did not overthrow the czar. They overthrew the liberals.

LENIN DID NOT expel the monarchy from the Winter Palace. He expelled the provisional government. That is what the Bolshevik Revolution, which was not the same thing as the Russian Revolution, was: the overthrowing of the moderate overthrowers by the radical overthrowers. For the radicals, the destruction of the monarchy and the establishment of a parliamentary system failed to satisfy. The events of February had merely "placed power in the hands of the bourgeoisie," Lenin wrote in April, a few days after he reached the Finland station. The government "should be overthrown, for it is an oligarchic, bourgeois, and not a people's government," and replaced with "a revolutionary dictatorship, i.e., a power based directly on revolutionary seizure, on the direct initiative of the people from below, and not on a law enacted by a centralized state power."

IN THE SPIRIT of October, I have been reading Lenin again, and other documents of the Bolshevik ascension. I am struck again by the Bolshevik rage against democracy. Certainly nothing that these extraordinary fiends wrote or said about the Romanovs equalled in virulence and fury what they wrote or said about the Social Democrats. A "stinking corpse," Lenin called them that April, borrowing Rosa Luxemburg's lovely language. The reason is obvious. The reformer presents the revolutionary with a problem of legitimacy. The reactionary does not. The revolutionary would like to be seen as a seeker of justice, like the reformer. But really the revolutionary is a seeker of power; he merely disguises power as justice. It is a disguise, however, through which the reformer can see.

FEBRUARY WAS JUSTICE. October was power. "The basic question of every revolution is that of state power," wrote Lenin when he returned. It was because the Bolsheviks were creatures of power, who would not be slowed down by justice, that the Military Revolutionary Committee finally formed a government in the early morning of October 26. That's *Military* Revolutionary. According to Alexander Rabinowitch, "Only the Bolsheviks seemed to have perceived the necessarily crucial significance of the armed forces in the struggle for power." Yet institutions of justice are harder to create and easier to destroy than institutions of power. The Bolsheviks battened handsomely off the provisional government's failure to heal a war-torn and socially smashed-up Russia in a few weeks. Naturally its failure was inevitable: the morning after the czar was gone the czar's country remained. But what is a tragedy for the reformer is an opportunity for the revolutionary. Lenin was the Machiavelli of the morning after. By the time the Bolsheviks came to power, they were popular in Petrograd; it is easy to inflame the impatience of a needful and newly unchained population. Of course the Bolsheviks would see to it that nobody would ever inflame anybody's impatience with them. But then it wasn't a revolution the Bolsheviks had in mind. It was a coup.

DISSOLVE TO MANILA, where it is now approximately April 1917. February has come and gone. The tyrant is deposed, the people are hungry, the army is restless, the leadership is overwhelmed. Comes Alexander Cockburn in the *Nation* and denounces, with the *jusqu'auboutisme* of a true friend of the people, what he calls "Cory-style democracy." For a start, it troubles this working-class hero that Aquino comes from an "elite." (Bourgeois reformist!) Also that "not one soldier, officer, or official has been indicted for human rights abuses committed under Marcos, except those individuals accused of killing Aquino's husband." (Social chauvinist!) Also that land reform is too timid, too slow. Cockburn concludes that "the United States and the Philippine right have used the Aquino interregnum to regroup and prepare for an onslaught on the left." Interregnum? Between Marcos and what? In fine Octoberist fashion, Cockburn omits any consideration of the character of what he moistly calls the "left." *Of course* Cockburn would like Aquino to alienate the army: with any luck, it might take power. Anyway, "within a matter of months, maybe less, Aquino will most likely be ousted," leaving a people's army in the woods and dialectical bliss in the cafés. From the standpoint of the history of revolutions, Cockburn's chortling at Aquino's troubles is banal. Revolution? Always. Counterrevolution? Well, if you must. Reform? Never.

IF THERE WAS still any doubt about the mediocrity of religion in America, John Paul II's trip settled it. "Think of the pope's tour . . . partly as a giant television production. . . . The $20 million tour, after all, is a spectacular example of television proselytizing," wrote John Corry in the *Times*. He gave the pope's "style" a good grade: "on television, the pope appears to be his own man." Of course Corry is a TV critic. The aestheticization of public affairs is his job. (Without TV critics, the depravity of Oliver North might have sunk in more swiftly.) Mary Gordon and Michael Novak, however, are proud Catholics. Gordon told the *Times* that the pope "looks great in vestments, he's tremendously photogenic. It seems to me we have the same papacy as we have a presidency. It's all for the media." And Novak observed that "television demands a single person to focus on. It's as if God created the papacy 1,900 years ago in preparation for this very moment." Now, I am not a Catholic, and I would not know how to be one. Also, I have a Jew's problems with John Paul II. But this trivialization of his visit to a faltering flock struck even me as profane. Americans had better understand soon that their sophistication about the media is making them the shallowest people on earth.

L. W.

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Laughable trade measures

We have argued long and loudly in this space that protectionism, in the long run, is economic folly. But two amendments in the Senate trade bill—itself a largely protectionist document—are so illogical as to go beyond folly into an area that can only be defined as absurdity.

One amendment would add a new dimension to the argument over what constitutes an unfair trade practice—the issue of worldwide supply and demand. Under that amendment, if there is surplus worldwide capacity to produce a commodity—or if somebody's crystal ball says there will be a future surplus—governments that encourage the production of those commodities could trigger retaliation by the U.S. The other amendment zeros in on agricultural products, minerals and chemicals, and seeks to apply a similar supply-demand test as a criterion for loans by multilateral lending agencies.

Taken together, the potential impact of these amendments is sublimely ridiculous. For example:

- There's currently excess worldwide capacity to produce oil and natural gas, and the surplus is expected to remain a fact of life well into the future. Most of the surplus capacity happens to be in the OPEC countries. Even so, these amendments would seek to bar countries like Great Britain, Canada, West Germany, and Brazil from encouraging the search for any more oil and gas. If the U.S. were the target of such legislation elsewhere, America could be barred from producing new domestic reserves. Now that, we submit, is patently an absurd position for any oil-importing country, including the U.S.
- Since when does the capacity to produce an item—even excess capacity—assure that the item is readily available to consumers all over the world? Certainly price is a factor, and transportation costs, as just one example, help determine price. If capacity were the proper yardstick, there would be no hunger in Africa, because there's plenty of worldwide grain capacity these days. It's absurd to use capacity as a determining element.
- We suggest that there might be a hypocrisy factor at work here. Much capacity to manufacture any product might well be obsolete and inefficient, and require great doses of capital to modernize (just ask domestic steelmakers about that). Yet, other countries might be kept from building modern plants by the amendments, while, presumably, the U.S. could go ahead and build. Won't our trading partners laugh the U.S. delegates right out of the GATT negotiating rooms if these amendments become law?
- Who can tell whether surpluses are temporary or permanent? Are they the result of the overhang from a recent cyclical turndown in a particular industry? Will new capacity be needed during the next upturn? In our view the best regulator of capacity is the marketplace. Any artificial restraint on the market could only create shortages and price fluctuations—and these are hardly a laughing matter.
- Finally, we see the amendments as clearly discriminatory. Developing countries, by definition, are the last to install production capacity for basic commodities. Does the U.S. Senate have the right to shut them out of the industrialization process because others have installed plant and equipment before them? And how can developing countries handle their debt load if they aren't allowed to enter the economic arena?

World trade and American trade policies are serious matters. But too many aspects of the House and Senate trade bills lend themselves to parody and burlesque. We seriously urge the Senators and Representatives who will soon meet in conference to write a final bill which eliminates blatant protectionist measures. The last thing America needs is economic funny business.

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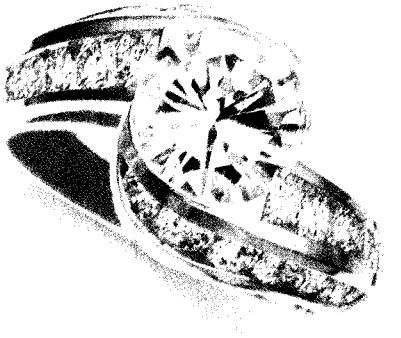

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